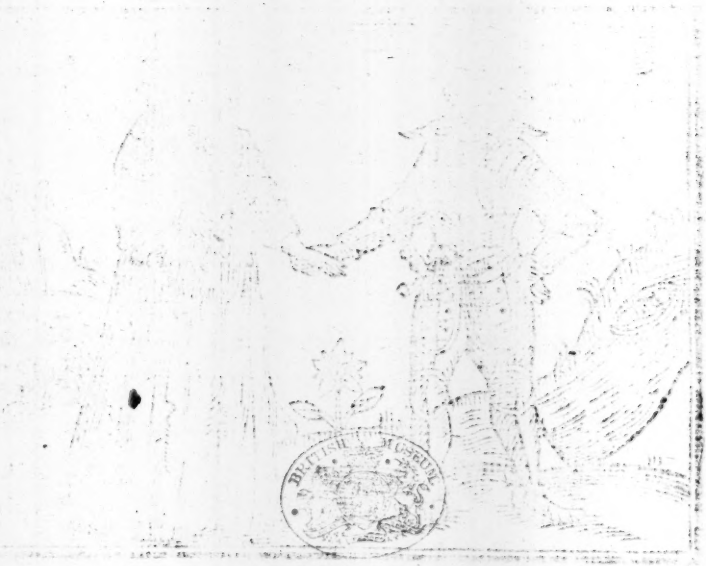
The Pleaſant HISTORY OF DORASTUS and FAWNIA.



Pleaſant for Age to avoid drowſie thoughts, profitable for Youth to avoid other wanton Paſtimes: And bringing to both a deſired Content.

By ROBERT GREENE, Maſter of Arts in *Cambridge*.

LONDON,
Printed for *Francis Faulkner*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Southwark*, neare S. *Margarets* Hill, 1648.



THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF DORASTUS and FAWNIA.

AMongſt al the paſſions wherewith humane minds are perplexed, there is none that ſo galleth with reſtleſſe deſpite as that infectious ſore of jealouſie: For all other griefs are either to be appeaſed with ſenſible perſwaſion, to be cured with wholſome counſell, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worn out; Jealouſie only excepted; which is ſauced with ſuſpicious doubts and pinching miſtruſt, that who ſo ſeeks by friendly counſell to raze out this hellish paſſion, it forthwith ſuſpecteth that he giveth this advice to cover his own guiltineſſe. Yea, who ſo is pinched with this reſtleſſe torment, doubteth all, diſturbeth himſelf, is always frozen with fear, and fired with ſuſpicion, having that wherein conſiſteth al his joy, to be the breeder of his miſery. Yea, it is ſuch an heavie enemie to that happy eſtate of matrimony, ſowing betwéen the married couples ſuch deadly ſeeds of ſecret hatred; as love being once razed out by ſpitefull diſtruſt, there often enſueth bloody revenge, as this enſuing Hiſtory manifeſtly proveth, wherin Pandoſto (furiouſly incenſed by a cauſleſſe jealouſie) procured the death of his moſt loving and loyall wife, and his own endleſſe ſorrow.

IN the Countrey of Bohemia there reigned a King called Pandoſto, whoſe fortunate ſucceſſe in Warres againſt his foes, and bountifull courtſie towards his friends in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandoſto had to wife a Lady called Bellaria, by birth, Royall, learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous: ſo that it was hard to judge, whether her beauty, fortune, or ver-

tue, wan the greateſt commendations. Theſe two linked toge-
ther in perfect love, led their lives with ſuch fortunate content,
that their ſubiects greatly reioyceds for their quiet diſpoſition.
They had not bẽn married long, but fortune (willing to encreaſe
their happineſſe) lent them a ſonne, ſo adorned with the gifts
of Nature, as the perfection of the Child greatly augmented
the love of the Parents, and the ioy of their Commons: in ſo
much, that the Bohemians, to ſhew their inward ioyes by out-
ward actions, made Bone-fires and Triumphs throughout all
the Kingdome, appointed Iuſts and Turneys, for the honour
of their young Prince: whither reſorted not only his Nobles,
but alſo divers Kings and Princes, which were his neigh-
bours, willing to ſhew their friendſhip they ought to Pandoſto,
and to win fame and glory by their prowelle and valour. Pando-
ſto whoſe mind was fraught with Princely liberality, entertain-
ed the Kings, Princes, and Noblemen, with ſuch ſubmiſſe cour-
teſie and magnificall bounty, that they all ſaw how willing hẽ
was to gratifie their good wils, making a generall feaſt for all
his Subiects, which continued by the ſpace of twenty dayes;
all which time the Iuſts and Turneyes were kept, to the great
content both of the Lords and Ladies there preſent. This ſo-
lemne Triumph being once ended, the aſſembly taking their
leave of Pandoſto and Bellaria, the young Son (who was called
Garinter) was nurſed up in the houſe, to the great ioy and con-
tent of his Parents. Fortune envious of ſuch happie ſucceſſe,
willing to ſhew ſome ſigne of her inconſtancie turned her wheele
and darkened the bright Sunne of proſperity, with the milky
clouds of miſhap and miſery. For it ſo hapned, that Egiſtus
King of Sicilia, who in his youth had bẽn brought up with Pan-
doſto, deſirous to ſhew, that neither tract of time, or diſtance of
place could diminiſh their former friendſhip, provided a Navie
of ſhips, and ſailed into Bohemia to viſit his old friend and com-
panion: who hearing of his arrival, went himſelfe in perſon, and
his wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great train of Lords and
Ladies, to mẽt Egiſtus, and eſpying him, alighted from his horſe
embracing him very lovingly, proteſting, that nothing in the
world could have hapned more acceptable to him then his com-
ming, wiſhing his wife to welcome his old friend and acquain-

tance;

tance; who (to shew how she liked him whom her husband loved) entertained him with such familiar courtesie, as Egistus perceived himselfe to be very well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced each other, they mounted againe on horseback, and rode towards the City, devising and recounting how being children they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes: where, by the meanes of the Citizens, Egistus was received with triumphs and shewes, in such sort that he marvelled how on so small a warning they could make such preparation. Passing the Streats thus with such rare sights, they rode on to the Palace: where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sicilians, with such banquetting and sumptuous chære so royally, as they had all cause to commend his Princely liberality: yea, the very basest slave that was knowne to come from Sicilia, was used with much courtesie, that Egistus might easily perceive, how both he and his were honoured for his friends sake. Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of courtesie) willing to shew how unfainedly she loved her husband by his friends entertainment, used him like wife so familiarly, that her countenance bewrayed how her heart was affected toward him, oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed-chamber, to see if nothing should bee amisse to dislike him. This honest familiarity increased daily more and more betwixt them: for Bellaria noting in Egistus a Princely and bountifull mind, adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, and Egistus finding in her a vertuous and courteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not wel be without the company of the other: insomuch, that when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that he could not be present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walk with him into the garden, and there they two in private pleasant devices, would passe away their time, to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them; a certain melancholy passion entring the mind of Pandosto, drove him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to mind the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comlinesse and bravery of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all lawes, and therefore to be staied with no law, that it was hard to put fire and flax together without burning; that their open pleasure might breed

his

his ſecret diſpleaſure. Hée conſidered with himſelf that Egiſtus was a man, and muſt néeds love: that his wife was a woman, and therefore ſubiect to love: and that where fancy forced, friendſhip was of no force. Theſe and ſuch like doubtful thoughts along time ſmothering in his ſtomacke, began at laſt to kindle in his mind a ſecret miſtruſt, which encreaſed by ſuſpicion, grew at laſt to flaming iealouſie, that ſo tormented him, as he could take no reſt. He then began to meaſure all their actions, and miſconſtrue of their too priuate familiarity, iudging that it was not for honeſt affection, but for diſordinate fancie: ſo as hée began to watch them more narrowly, to ſée if he could get any true or certain proof to confirme his doubtfull ſuſpicion. While thus hée noted her lookes and geſtures, and ſuſpected their thoughts, and meanings, they two ſilly ſoules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily each others company: which draue him into ſuch a franticke paſſion, that he began to beare a ſecret hate to Egiſtus, and a lowring countenance to Bellaria: who marbelling at ſuch unaccuſtomed frownes, began to caſt beyonds the Moone, and to enter into a thouſand ſundry thoughts, which way hée ſhould offend her huſband: but finding in her ſelfe a cleare conſcience, ceaſed to muſe, till ſuch time as hée might find opportunity to demand the cauſe of his dumps. In the meane time Pandoſto's mind was ſo far charged with iealouſie, that he no longer doubted, but was aſſured (as he thought) that his friend Egiſtus entred a wrong point in his tables, and ſo had played him falſe play. Whereupon deſirous to reuenge ſo great an iniury, he thought beſt to diſſemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance: and ſo under the ſhape of a friend to ſhew him the trick of a foe: deuiſing with himſelf a long time how he might beſt put away Egiſtus, without ſuſpicion of treacherous murther, concluded at laſt to poyſon him. Which opinion pleaſing his humour, he became reſolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to paſſe he called to him his Cup-bearer, with whom in ſecret he brake the matter: promiſing him for the performance thereof, to giue him a thouſand Crownes of yéerely reuenue. His Cup-bearer, either being of a good conſcience, or willing for faſhions ſake to deny ſuch a bloody requeſt, began with great reaſons to perſwade Pandoſto

from

from his determinate miſchiefe: ſhewing him what an offence murther was to the gods, how much unnaturall actions did more diſpleaſe the heavens, then men: and that cauſeleſſe cruelty did ſeldome or never ſcape without revenge: hee laid before his face, that Egiſtus was his friend, a King, and one that was come into this Kingdome, to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them; that hee had, and did ſhew him a moſt friendly countenance: how Egiſtus was not only honoured of his owne people by obedience, but alſo loved of the Bohemians for his courteſie: And that if he now ſhould without any iuſt or manifeſt cauſe, poyſon him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his Maieſtie, and a meanes to ſow a perpetuall enmity betweene the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but alſo his own ſubiects would repine at ſuch trecherous cruelty. Theſe and ſuch like perſwaſions of Franion (for ſo was his Cup-bearer called) could no whit prevaile to diſwade him from his divelliſh enterprize: but remaining reſolute in his determination (his fury ſo fired with rage, as it could not be appeaſed with reaſon) he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baits, preferment and death: ſaying, that if he would poyſon Egiſtus, hee would advance him to high dignities: if he refuſed to doe it of an obſtinate minde, no torture ſhould bee to great to requite his diſobedience. Franion ſeeing that to perſwade Pandoſto any more, was but to ſtrive againſt the ſtreame, conſented as ſoone as opportunity would give him leave, to diſpatch Egiſtus: wherewith Pandoſto remained ſomewhat ſatisfied, hoping now hee ſhould bee fully revenged of ſuch miſtruſted injuries, intending alſo as ſoon as Egiſtus was dead, to give his wife a ſop of the ſame ſauce, and ſo to be rid of thoſe which are the cauſe of his reſtleſſe ſorrow: while thus he lived in this hope, Franion, being ſecret in his chamber, began to meditate with himſelfe in theſe termes.

AH Franion, treaſon is loved of many, but the traytor hated of all, unjuſt offences may for a time eſcape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art ſervant to a King, and muſt obey at command: yet, Franion, againſt law and conſcience it is not good to reſiſt a tyrant with armes, nor to pleaſe an unjuſt King with obedience. What ſhalt thou doe? Folly refuſeth

gold, and frenzie preferment; wiſdome ſeeketh after dignity, and counſell looketh for gaine: Egiſtus is a ſtranger to thee, and Pandoſto thy ſoveraigne: Thou haſt little cauſe to reſpect the one, and oughteſt have great care to obey the other. Thinke this Franion, that a pound of Gold is worth a Tunne of leade: great gifts are little gods; and preferment to a meane man is a whet-ſtone to courage. There is nothing ſweeter then promotion, nor lighter then report: care not then though moſt count thee a traytor, ſo all call thee rich. Dignitie, Franion, advanceth thy poſterity, and evill report can but hurt thy ſelfe. Know this, where Eagles build, Faulcons may prey; where Lions haunt, Fores may ſcale. Kings are knowne to command, ſervants are blameleſſe to conſent: feare not thou then to lift at Egiſtus; Pandoſto ſhall beare the burthen. Yea, but Franion, conſcience is a worme that ever biteth, but never ceaſeth. That which is rubbed with the ſtone Galactites, will never be hot. Fleſh dipped in the Sea Ægæum, will never be ſweet. The Herbe Trigion, being once but with an Aſpis, never groweth: and conſcience once ſtained with innocent blood, is allwayes tyed to a guilty remorſe. Prefer thy content before riches, and a cleare mind before dignity: ſo being poore, thou ſhalt have rich peace, or elſe rich, thou ſhalt enjoy diſquiet.

FRanion having muttered out theſe, or ſuch like words, ſeeing either he muſt die with a cleare minde, or live with a ſpotted conſcience: he was ſo cumbred with divers cogitations, that hee could take no reſt, untill at laſt he determined to breake the matter to Egiſtus: but fearing that the King ſhould either ſuſpect, or heare of ſuch matters, hee concealed the device till opportunity would permit him to reveale it. Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an evening he went to Egiſtus lodging, and deſirous to ſpeake with him of certaine affaires that touched the King, after all were commanded out of the Chamber, Franion made manifeſt the whole conſpiracy which Pandoſto had deviſed againſt him, deſiring Egiſtus not to account him a traytor for bewraying his Maſters counſell, but to thinke that hee did it for conſcience: hoping that although his Maſter inflamed with rage, or incenſed by ſome ſiniſter reports, or ſlanderous

ſpeeches,

ſpæches had imagined ſuch cauſeleſſe miſchiefe, yet when time ſhould paciſie his anger, and try thoſe tale-bearers but flattering Paraſites, then hæ would count him as a faithfull ſervant that with ſuch care had kept his Maſters credit. Egiſtus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare poſſeſſed all his limmes, thinking that there was ſome treaſon wrought, and that Franion did but ſhadow his craft with theſe falſe colours: wherefore hæ began to war in choller, and ſaid, that he doubted not Pandoſto, ſith hæ was his friend, and there had never as yet bæn any breach of amity: hæ had not ſought to invade his Lands, to conſpire with his enemies, to diſſwade his ſubjects from their alliegance: but in word and thought he reſted his at all times: he knew not therefore any cauſe that ſhould move Pandoſto to ſæk his death, but ſuſpected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians, to bring the King and him at odds. Franion ſtaying him in the midſt of his talke, told him, That to dally with Princes was with the Swans to ſing againſt their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any ſuch miſchiefe, it might have bæne better brought to paſſe, then by revealing the conſpiracy: therefore his Majeſty did ill, to miſconſtrue of his good meaning, ſith his intent was to hinder treaſon, not to become a Traytor; and to confirme his promiſes, if it pleaſed his Majeſty to flie into Sicilia, for the ſafegard of his life, hee would goe with him: and if then he found not ſuch a practice to be pretended, let his imagined treachery bæ repayed with moſt monſtrous torments. Egiſtus hearing the ſolemne proteſtations of Franion, began to conſider, that in Love and Kingdomes neither Faith nor Law is to bæ reſpected: doubting that Pandoſto thought by his death to deſtroy his men, and with ſpædy Warre to invade Sicilia. Theſe and ſuch doubts throughly weighed, hæ gave great thanks to Franion, promiſing, if hee might with life return to Syracuſa, that hæ would create him a Duke in Sicilia: craving his counſell how hee might eſcape out of the Countrey. Franion, who having ſome ſmall skill in Navigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and Havens, and knew every danger of the Sea, joyning in counſell with the Maſter of Egiſtus Navie, rigged all their ſhips,

and ſettling them aſloat, let them lye at anchor, to be in the more readineſſe, when time and wind ſhould ſerve. Fortune, although blinde, yet by chance favouring this ſuit cauſe, ſent them within ſix dayes a good gale of wind; which Franion ſeing fit for their purpoſe, to put Pandoſto out of ſuſpition, the night before they ſhould ſaile, hee went to him and promiſed, that the next day hee would put the device in practice; for hee had got ſuch a forcible poyſon, as the very ſmell thereof would procure ſudden death. Pandoſto was joyfull to heare this good newes, and thought every hour a day, till he might be glutted with bloody revenge: but his ſuit had but ill ſucceſſe: for Egiſtus fearing that delay might breed danger, and willing that the graſſe ſhould not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage by the help of Franion conveyed himſelfe and his men out at the Poſtern gate of the City, ſo ſecretly, and ſpeedily, that without any ſuſpition they got to the Sea ſhore: where, with many a bitter curſe taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboord, weighing their Ancors, and hoyſting ſaile, they paſſed as faſt as wind and Sea would permit toward Sicilia: Egiſtus being a joyfull man that he had ſafely paſſed ſuch trecherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the Sea, Pandoſto and his Citizens were in an uproare: for ſeing that the Sicilians without taking their leave were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared ſome treaſon, and the King thought that without queſtion his ſuſpicion was true, ſeing the Cup bearer had bewrayed the ſumme of his ſecret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conſpired with Egiſtus, and that the fervent affection ſhe bare him, was the only mean of his ſecret departure, inſomuch, that incenſed with rage, he commanded that his wife ſhould be carried ſtraight to priſon, untill they heard further of his pleaſure. The Guards unwilling to lay their hands on ſuch a vertuous Princeſſe, and yet fearing the Kings fury, went very ſorrowfully to fulfill their charge: comming to the Queens Lodging, they found her playing with her young Sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing their meſſage, Bellaria, aſtoniſhed at ſuch a hard cenſure, and finding her cleare conſcience a ſure advocate to plead in her cauſe, went to the Priſon moſt willingly; where with ſighs and

teares

teares ſhe paſt away the time, till ſhe might come to her tryall.

But Pandoſto, whoſe reaſon was ſuppreſſed with rage, and whoſe unbridled Folly was incenſed with fury, ſeeing Franion had bewrayed his ſecrets, and that Egiſtus might well be railed on, but not revenged, determined to wreak all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore cauſed a generall proclamation to be made through all his Realm, that the Quæn and Egiſtus had by the help of Franion, not only committed moſt inceſtuous adultery, but alſo had conſpired the Kings death: whereon the traytor Franion was fled away with Egiſtus, and Ballaria was moſt juſtly impriſoned. This Proclamation being once blazed through the countrey, although the vertuous diſpoſition of the Quæn did halfe diſcredit the contents, yet ſo ſudden and ſpeedy meſſage of Egiſtus, and the ſecret departure of Franion induced them (the circumſtances throughly conſidered) to think that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly envied: yet they pitied her caſe, as ſorrowfull that ſo good a Lady ſhould be croſſed with ſuch adverſe Fortune. But the King, whoſe reſtleſſe rage would admit no pity, thought that although hee might ſufficiently requite his wives falſhood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his mind ſhould never bæ glutted with revenge, till hæ might have a fit opportunity to repay the treachery of Egiſtus with a fatall injury. But a curſt Cow hath oftentimes ſhort hornes, and a willing mind but a weak arm. For Pandoſto, although hee felt that revenge was a ſpurre to warre, and that envie alwayes proffereth ſteel, yet hee ſaw, that Egiſtus was not only of great puiſſance and prowelle to withſtand him, but had alſo many Kings of his alliance to aid him, if need ſhould ſerve: for he married the Empezours daughter of Ruſſia. Theſe and the like conſiderations ſomething daunted Pandoſto his courage, ſo that he was content rather to put up a manifeſt injury with peace, then hunt after revenge, diſhonour, and loſſe: determining, ſince Egiſtus had eſcaped ſcot-free, that Bellaria ſhould pay for all at an unreaſonable price.

Remaining thus reſolute in his determination, Bellaria continuing ſtill in priſon, and hearing the contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her minde was never touched with

ſuch affection, nor that Egiſtus had ever offered her ſuch diſcourteſie, would gladly have come to her anſwer, that both ſhe might have known her juſt accuſers, and cleared her ſelf of that guiltleſſe crime.

But Pandoſto was ſo inflamed with rage, and infected with jealouſie, as he would not vouchſafe to heare her, nor admit any juſt excuſe: ſo that ſhee was faine to make a vertue of her need, and with patience to beare theſe heavie injuries. As thus ſhee lay croſſed with calamities (a great cauſe to encreaſe her grief) ſhee found her ſelf quick with child: which as ſoon as ſhe felt ſtir in her body, ſhe burſt forth into bitter teares, exclaming againſt Fortune in theſe termes.

ALas, Bellaria, How unfortunate art thou, becauſe fortunate! Better thou hadſt been born a Begger then a Prince, ſo ſhouldeſt thou have bridled Fortune with want, where now ſhee ſporteth her ſelfe with thy plenty. Ah happy life, where poore thoughts and meane deſires live in ſecure content, not fearing Fortune, becauſe too low. For Fortune, thou ſeeſt now Bellaria, that care is a companion to Honour, not to povertie: that high Cedars are cruſhed with tempeſts, when low Shrubs are not touched with the winde: precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed Pebbles lie ſafe in the ſand: Delphos is ſought to by Princes, not Beggers: And Fortunes Altars ſmoak with Kings preſents, not with poore mens gifts. Happy are ſuch, Bellaria, that curſe Fortune for contempt, not feare: and may wiſh they were not ſorry they have bin. Thou art a Princeſſe Bellaria, and yet a priſoner: born to the one by deſcent, aſſigned to the other by deſpight: accuſed without cauſe, and therefore oughteſt to die without care: for patience is a ſhield againſt Fortune, and a guiltleſſe minde yeldeth not to ſorrow. Ah, but infamy galleth unto death, and liveth after death: Report is plumed with Times Feathers, and Envie oftentimes ſoundeth Fames Trumpet: the ſuſpected Adultery ſhall flie in the Ayre, and thy known vertues ſhall lie hid in the Earth: one Mole ſtaineth a whole Face; and what is once ſpotted with Infamy, can hardly bee worn out with Time. Die then, Bellaria, Bellaria, die; for if the gods ſhould ſay, thou art guiltleſſe,

leſſe, yet Envy would heare the gods, but never believe the gods. Ah, hapleſſe wretch, ceaſe theſe Termes: Deſperate thoughts are fit for them that feare ſhame, not for ſuch as hope for credit. Pandoſto hath darkned thy Fame, but ſhall never diſcredit thy Vertues. Suſpicion may enter a falſe Action, but Proofe ſhall never put in his Plea. Care not then for Envie, ſith Report hath a bliſter on her Tongue: and let ſorrow bite them which offend, not touch thee that are faultleſſe. But alas, poore Soule, how canſt thou but ſorrow? Thou art with Childe, and by him, that inſtead of kind pity, pincheth thee in cold Priſon. And with that, ſuch gaſping ſighes ſtopping her breath that ſhee could not utter any more words, but wringing her hands, and guſhing forth ſtreams of teares, ſhe paſſed away the time with bitter complaints.

THe Jaylor pitying thoſe her heavie paſſions, thinking that if the King knew ſhe were with childe, he would ſomewhat appeaſe his fury, & releaſe her from priſon, went in all haſte, and certified Pandoſto, what the effect of Bellaria's complaint was: who no ſooner heard the Jaylor ſay ſhe was with child, but as one poſſeſſed with a frenzie, hee roſe up in a rage, ſwearing that ſhee, and the baſtard brat ſhe was withall ſhould die, if the gods themſelves ſaid no: thinking ſurely by computation of time, that Egiſtus, and not he, was father to the child. This ſuſpicious thought galled afreſh his halfe-healed Sore, inſomuch as hee could take no reſt, untill hee might mitigate his choler with a juſt revenge, which happened preſently after. Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull Daughter, which no ſooner Pandoſto heard, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young Infant ſhould be burned with fire. His Nobles hearing of the Kings cruell ſentence, ſought by perſwaſions to divert him from his bloody determination: ſaying before his face, the innocency of the child, and vertuous diſpoſition of his wife, how ſhe had continually loved and honoured him ſo tenderly, that without due proofe he could not, nor ought not to appeach her of that crime: and if ſhe had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy, then to punish with extremity, and more Kingly to bee commended of pity, then to diſcredit her. And

as

as for the Child, if he would punish it for the mothers offence, it were to strive against nature and iuſtice, and that unnaturall actions doe more offend the gods, then men; how cauſeleſſe cruelty, nor innocent blood never escaped without revenge. Theſe and ſuch like reaſons could not appeaſe his rage, but he reſted reſolute in this, that Bellaria being an Adultreſſe, the Child was a baſtard, and he would not ſuffer that ſuch an infamous Brat ſhould call him Father. Yet at laſt (feeing his noble men were importunate upon him) he was content to ſpare the childs life, and yet to put it to a worſe death. For he found out this device, that ſeeing (as hee thought) it came by Fortune, ſo he would commit it to the charge of Fortune; and therefore he cauſed a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then ſend it to the mercies of the ſeas, and the deſtinies. From this his Peeres in no wiſe could perſwade him, but that he ſent preſently two of his Guard to fetch the child: who being come to the priſon, and with weeping teares recounting their Maſters meſſage, Bellaria no ſooner heard the rigorous reſolution of her mercileſſe husband, but ſhe fell down in a ſwound, ſo that all thought ſhe had been dead: yet at laſt being come to her ſelfe, ſhe cried and ſcreeked out in this wiſe.

ALas, ſweet infortunate Babe, ſcarce borne before envied by fortune, would the day of thy birth had been the terme of my life: then ſhouldeſt thou have made an end to care, and prevented thy Fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deſerve ſuch hateſull revenge, thy dayes are too ſhort for ſo ſharpe a doome: but thy untimely death muſt pay thy Mothers debts, and her guiltleſſe crime muſt be thy guilty curſe. And ſhalt thou ſweet Babe, be committed to Fortune, when thou art already ſpighted by Fortune? Shall the Seas be thy harbour, and the hard boat thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth, in ſtead of ſweet kiſſes, be nipped with bitter ſtormes? Shalt thou have the whiſtling winds for thy Lullaby, and the ſalt ſea foame in ſtead of ſweet milke? Alas, What deſtinies would aſſigne ſuch hard hap? What father would be ſo cruel? Or what gods will not revenge ſuch rigour? Let me kiſſe thy lips (ſweet Infant) and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this chaine

about

about thy little necke: that if Fortune ſave thee, it may helpe to ſuccour thee. Thus, ſince thou muſt go to ſurge in the gaſtfull Seas, with a ſorrowfull kiſſe I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou maiſt fare well. Such and ſo great was her griefe, that her vitall ſpirits being ſuppreſt with ſorrow, ſhee fell again down in a trance, having her ſenſes ſo ſtopped with care, that after ſhe was revived, yet ſhe loſt her memory, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance: The Guard left her in this perplexity, and carried the child to the King: who quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it ſhould be put into the Boat: having neither ſaile nor rudder to guide it, and ſo to be carried into the midſt of the Sea, and there left to the winds and the waves, as the Deſtinies pleaſe to appoint. The very ſhip-men, ſeeing the ſweet countenance of the young Babe, began to accuſe the King of rigour, and to pity the childes hard fortune: but feare conſtrained them to that which their nature did abhorre: So that they placed it in one of the ends of the Boat, and with a few greene boughes made a homely Cabbin to ſhroud it, as well as they could, from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed a Boat, they tyed it to a Ship, and ſo hailed it into the maine Sea, and then cut in ſunder the cord: which they had no ſooner done, but there aroſe a mighty Tempeſt; which toſſed the little Boat ſo vehemently in the waves, that the ſhip-men thought it could not continue long without ſinking: yet the ſtorme grew ſo great, that with great labour and perill they got to the ſhore. But leaving the child to her Fortunes, wee will returne to Pandoſto: who not yet glutted with ſufficient revenge, deviſed which way hee ſhould beſt encreaſe his wives calamity. But firſt aſſembling his Nobles and Councellors, he called her (for the more reproach) in open Court, where it was objected againſt her, that ſhe had committed adultery with Egiſtus, and conſpired with Franion to poyſon Pandoſto her husband; but their pretence being partly ſpyed, ſhee counſelled them to fly away by night, for their better ſafety. Bellaria (who ſtanding like a priſoner at the Barre, and feeling in her ſelfe a cleare conſcience to withſtand her falſe accuſers) ſeeing no leſſe then death could pacifie her Husbands wrath, waxed bold, and deſired that ſhee might have Law and Juſtice:

(for mercy ſhe neither craved nor hoped) and that thoſe perjured wretches, which had falſly accuſed her to the King, might be brought before her face to give in evidence. Pandoſto (whoſe rage and jealouſie was ſuch, as no reaſon nor equity could appeaſe) told her, that for her accuſers, they were of ſuch credit, as their words were ſufficient witneſſe, and that the ſudden and ſecret flight of Egiſtus and Franion confirmed that which they had confeſſed; and as for her, it was her part to deny ſuch a monſtrous crime, and to be impudent in forſwearing the fact, ſince ſhe had paſſed all ſhame in committing the fault: but her countenance ſhould ſtand for no coine: for as the baſtard which ſhe beare was ſerved, ſo ſhe ſhould with ſome cruell death bee requited. Bellaria no whit diſmaid with this rough reply, told her Husband Pandoſto, that he ſpake upon choler, and not conſcience; for her vertuous life had ever been ſuch, as no ſpot of ſuſpicion could ever ſtaine it. And if ſhe had borne a friendly countenance to Egiſtus, it was in reſpect he was his friend, and not for any luſting affection: therefore if ſhee were condemned without any further proofe, it was rigour and not Law. The Noble-men which ſate in Judgement, ſaid, that Bellaria ſpake reaſon, and entreated the King that her accuſers might bee openly examined, and ſworne: if then the evidence were ſuch as the Jury might find her guilty (for ſeing ſhe was a Prince, ſhe ought to be tryed by the Peeres) then let her have ſuch puniſhment as the extremity of the Law will aſſigne to ſuch malefactors. The King preſently made anſwer, that in this caſe he might, and would diſpence with the Law. And that the Jury being once pannelled, they ſhould take his word for ſufficient evidence, otherwiſe he would make the proudeſt of them repent it. The Noble-men ſeing the King in choler, were all whiſt; but Bellaria, whoſe life hung in the ballance, fearing more perpetuall infamy then momentany death, told the King, if his fury might ſtand for a Law, that it were vaine to have the Jury yeild their verdict, and thereupon ſhe fell down upon her knees, and deſired the King, that for the love he bare to his young Sonne Garinter, whom ſhe brought into the world, that hee would grant her requeſt, the which was this, that it would pleaſe his Majeſty to ſend for ſix of his Noble-men whom

he

hee beſt truſted to the Iſle of Delphos, there to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether ſhe had committed adultery with Egiſtus, or conſpired to poyſon him with Franion: and if the god Apollo, who by his divine eſſence knows all ſecrets, gave anſwer that ſhe was guilty, ſhe was content to ſuffer any torment, were it never ſo terrible. The requeſt was ſo reaſonable, that Pandoſto could not for ſhame deny it, unleſſe he would bee counted of all his Subjects more wilfull then wiſe. Yée therefore agreed, that with as good ſpéd as might be, there ſhould be certaine Ambaſſadors diſpatcht to the Iſle of Delphos: and in the meane ſeaſon he commanded that his wife ſhould be kept in cloſe Priſon: Bellaria having obtained this grant, was now more carefull of her little Babe that floated on the Seas, then ſorrowfull for her own miſhap; for of that ſhee doubted; but of her ſelfe ſhe was aſſured: knowing that if Apollo ſhould give ſentence according to the thoughts of her heart, yet the ſentence ſhould goe on her ſide, ſuch was the clearenеſſe of her minde in this caſe. But Pandoſto (whoſe ſuſpicious head ſtill remained in one ſong) choſe out foure of his Nobility, whom hee knew were ſcarce indifferent men in the Quéenes behalfe, and prouiding all things fit for their journey, ſent them to Delphos; They willing to fulfill the Kings command, and deſirous to ſée the ſituation and cuſtome of the Iſland, diſpatched their affaires with as much ſpeed as might bee, and embarked themſelues to the voyage, which (the wind and weather ſerving fit for their purpoſe) was ſoone ended. For within three weeks they arriued at Delphos: where they were no ſooner ſet on Land, but with great deuotion then went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offering ſacrifice unto the god, and gifts to the Prieſt, as the cuſtome was, they humbly craued an anſwer of their demand. They had not long kneeled at the Altar, but Apollo with a loud voyce ſaid, Bohemians, what ye finde behind the Altar, take and depart. They forthwith obeyed the Oracle, found a ſcrowle of parchment, wherein were written theſe words in letters of Gold.

The Oracle.

Suſpicion is no proofe; Iealouſie is an unequall Iudge; *Bellaria* is chaſt; *Egiſtus* blameleſſe; *Franion* a true Subject;

Pandoſto treacherous; his Babe innocent: and the King ſhall die without an heir, if that which is loſt be not found.

AS ſoone as they had taken out this ſcrowle, the Prieſt of the god commanded them, that they ſhould not preſume to read it before they came to the preſence of Pandoſto, unleſſe they would incurre the diſpleaſure of Apollo. The Bohemian Lords carefully obeying his command, taking their leave of the Prieſt, with great reverence departed out of the Temple and went to their Ships: and as ſoone as wind would permit them, ſailed toward Bohemia, where in ſhort time they ſafely arrived, and with great Triumph iſſuing out of their Ships, went to the Kings Palace, whom they found in his Chamber, accompanied with other Noble-men. Pandoſto no ſooner ſaw them, but with a merry countenance he welcomed them home, asking, what newes? They told his Majeſty, that they had received anſwer of the god, written in a ſcrowle; but with this charge, that they ſhould not read the contents before they came in the preſence of the King; and with that they delivered him the Parchment. But his Noble-men entreated him, that ſith therein were contained either the ſafety of his Wives life and honeſty, or her death and perpetuall infamy; that he would have his Nobles and Commons aſſembled in the Judgement Hall, where the Quæn brought in as a priſoner, ſhould heare the contents: If ſhe were found guilty by the Oracle of the god, then all ſhould have cauſe to think his rigour proceeded of due deſert: if her Grace were found faultleſſe, then ſhe ſhould be cleered before all, ſith ſhe had bæn accuſed openly. This pleaſed the King, ſo that he appointed the day, and aſſembled all the Lords and Commons, and cauſed the Quæne to be brought in before the Judgement Seat, commanding that the Judgement ſhould be read; wherein ſhe was accuſed of Adultery with Egiſtus, and of conſpiracy with Franion. Bellaria hearing the contents, was no whit aſtonished, but made this chearfull anſwer.

IF the Divine powers be privy to humane Actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience will make fortune bluſh, and my unſpotted life ſhall ſtaine ſpitefull diſcredit. For although

though lying report hath ſought to impeach mine honour, and ſuſpicion hath intended to ſoyl my credit with infamy: yet where Vertue keepeth the Fort, report and ſuſpition may aſſayle, but never ſack. How I have led my life before Egiſtus comming, I appeale (Pandoſto) to the gods, and to thy conſcience. What hath paſſed between him and me, the gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveale. That I loved Egiſtus I cannot deny, that I honoured him, I ſhame not to confeſſe. To the one I was forced by his vertue; to the other, for his dignities. But as touching laſcivious luſt, I ſay, Egiſtus is honeſt, and hope my ſelfe to be found without ſpot. For Franion, I can neither accuſe him, nor excuſe him: I was not privie to his departure: And that this is true which I have here rehearſed, I refer my ſelf unto the Divine Oracle.

BEllaria had no ſooner ſaid, but the King commanded that one of the Dukes ſhould read the contents of the Scrowle, which after the Commons had heard, they gave a great ſhout, reſoycing and clapping their hands that the Queen was clear of that falſe accuſation. But the King, whoſe conſcience was a witneſſe againſt him of his witleſſe fury, and falſe ſuſpected jealouſie, was ſo aſhamed of his raſh folly, that he entreated his Nobles to perſwade Bellaria to forgive and forget theſe injuries, promiſing not only to ſhew himſelfe a loyall and loving Husband, but alſo to reconcile himſelfe to Egiſtus and Franion: revealing then before them all the cauſe of their ſecret flight, and how treacherouſly he thought to have practiſed his death, if the good mind of his Cup-bearer had not prevented his purpoſe. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him, that his young Sonne Garinter was ſuddenly dead: which newes ſo ſoone as Bellaria heard, ſurcharged before with extream joy, and now ſuppreſſed with heavie ſorrow, her vitall ſpirits were ſtopped, that ſhe fell down preſently dead, and never could bee revived. This ſudden ſight ſo appalled the Kings ſenſes, that he ſunk from his Seat in a ſwound, ſo as hee was faine to be carried by his Nobles to his Palace, where he lay by the ſpace of three dayes without ſpæch.

His Commons were as men in deſpaire, ſo diverſly diſtreſſed there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia: their young Prince dead, their vertuous Queen bereaved of her life, and their King and Soveraigne in great hazard: this tragicall diſcourſe of Fortune ſo daunted them, as they went like ſhadowes, not men: yet ſomewhat to comfort their heavie hearts, they heard that Pandoſto was come to himſelfe, and had recovered his ſpeech: who as in fury, brayed theſe bitter ſpeeches.

O Miſerable Pandoſto! what ſurer witneſſe then conſcience? What thoughts more ſowre then ſuſpicion? what plague more bad then Jealouſie? Unnaturall actions offend the gods, more then men: and cauſeleſſe cruelty never ſcapes without revenge. I have committed ſuch a bloody fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah Jealouſie a hell to the minde, and a horrour to the conſcience, ſuppreſſing reaſon, and melting rage: a worſe paſſion then frenzie, a greater plague then madneſſe. Are the gods juſt? then let them revenge ſuch brutiſh cruelty: my innocent Babe I have drowned in the Seas: my loving wife I have ſlaine with ſlanderous ſuſpicion: my truſty friend I have ſought to betray: and yet the gods are ſlack to plague ſuch offences. Ah unjuſt Apollo, Pandoſto is the man that hath committed the fault; why ſhould Garinter, ſilly Child abide the paine? Well! ſith the gods mean to prolong my dayes to increaſe my dolour, I will offer my guilty blood a ſacrifice to thoſe guiltleſſe ſoules, whoſe lives are loſt by rigorous folly, And with that he reached at a Rapier to have murthered himſelfe, but his Peeres being preſent ſtayed him from ſuch a bloody act: perſwading him to think, that the Commonwealth conſiſted on his ſafety, and that thoſe ſheep could not but periſh that wanted a Shepheard: wiſhing that if he would not live for himſelfe, yet he ſhould have a care of his Subjects, and to put ſuch fancies out of his mind, ſith in ſores paſt help, ſalves doe not heale, but hurt: and in things paſt care, care is a corroſive. With theſe and ſuch like perſwations, the King was overcome, and began ſomewhat to quiet his minde: ſo that ſo ſoone as he could go abroad, he cauſes his wife to be imbalmed,

and

and wrapt in Lead, with her young Sonne Garinter: erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein hee intombed them both, making ſuch ſolemne obſequies at her Funerall, as all Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his fore-paſſed folly; cauſing this Epitaph to be engraven on her Tombe, in Letters of Gold:

The Epitaph.

Here lies intomb'd *Bellaria* faire
Falſly accuſ'd to be unchaſt:
Clear'd by *Apollo*'s ſacred doome,
Yet ſlaine by jealouſie at laſt.

What ere thou be that paſſeſt by,
Curſe him that cauſ'd this Queen to die.

THis Epitaph being ingraven, Pandoſto would once a day repaire to the Tomb, and there with watry plaints bewaile his misfortune; coveting no other companion but ſorrow, and no other harmony but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous paſſions, at laſt let us come to ſhew the tragicall diſcourſe of the young Infant.

WHo being toſſed with wind and waves, floated two whole dayes without ſuccour, ready at every puffe to be drowned in the Sea: till at the laſt the tempeſt ceaſed, & the little Boat was driven with the tide into the Coaſt of Sicilia, where ſticking upon the Sands, it reſted. Fortune minding to be wanton, (willing to ſhew that as ſhe hath wrinkles on her browes, ſo ſhe hath dimples in her cheeks) thought after ſo many ſowre looks, to ſend a fained ſmile; and after a puffing ſtorm, to bring a pritty calm, ſhee began thus to dally. It fortuned a poore mercenary Shep'eard, that dwelled at Sicilia, who got his living by other mens Flocks, miſſed one of his ſheep: and thinking it had ſtrayed into the covert that was hard by, ſought very diligently to finde that which he could not ſee, fearing either that the Wolves or Eales had undone him, (for he

he was ſo poore, as a Sheep was half his ſubſtance) wandred down towards the Sea cliffs, to ſee if perchance the Sheep was browzing on the Sea-Ivie, whereon they doe greatly feed. But not finding her there, as hee was ready to return to his Flock, he heard a child cry; but knowing there was no houſe neere, he thought he had miſtaken the ſound, and that it was the bleating of his Sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he caſt his eye to the Sea, hee eſpied a little Boat, from whence (as he attentively liſtened) he might heare a cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at laſt he went to the ſhore, and wading to the Boat, as he looked in, he ſaw a little Babe lying all alone, ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet richly embrothered with Gold, and having a Chaine about her neck. The Shepheard, who had never before ſeen ſo faire a Babe, nor ſo rich Jewels, thought aſſuredly that it was ſome little god, and began with great devotion to knock on his breaſt. The Babe who writhed with his head to ſeek for the Pap, began againe to cry afreſh: whereby the poore man knew that it was a child, which by ſome ſiniſter meanes was driven thither by diſtreſſe of weather: marvelling how ſuch a ſilly Infant, which by the Mantle and Chaine could not but bee born of Noble Parentage, ſhould be ſo hardly croſſed with deadly miſhap. The poore Shepheard perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the Child, and determined with himſelf to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up, according to the worthineſſe of the birth; for his ability could not afford to foſter it, though his minde was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Child in his armes, he foulded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the cold, there fell down at his feet, a very faire and rich purſe, wherein hee found a great ſumme of gold: which ſight ſo revived the Shepheards ſpirits, as he was greatly raviſhed with joy, & daunted with feare; joyfull, to ſee ſuch a ſum in his power; fearfull, if it ſhould be known, that it might breed his further danger. Neceſſity wilſht him at the leaſt to retain the gold, though he would not keep the child: the ſimplicity of his conſcience feared him from ſuch a deceitfull bribery. Thus was the poore man perplexed with a doubtfull Dilemma, untill at laſt the covetouſneſſe of the coyne overcame

him

him: for what will not the greedy deſire of gold cauſe a man to do? So that he was reſolved in himſelfe to ſolder the child, and with the ſumme to relieve his want. Reſting thus reſolved in this point, he left ſeeking his ſheepe, and as covertly, and ſecretly as hee could, went a by-way to his houſe, leſt any of his neighbours ſhould perceive his carriage. As ſoone as hee was got home, entring in at the doore, the child began to cry, which his wife hearing, and ſeeing her husband with a young babe in his armes, began to be ſomewhat jealous: yet marvelling that her husband would be ſo wanton abroad, ſith hee was ſo quiet at home. But as women are naturally given to believe the worſt, ſo his wife thinking it was ſome baſtard, began to grow againſt her good man, and taking up a cudgell (for the moſt maſter went breechleſſe) ſware ſolemnly, that ſhee would make Clubs trump, if he brought any baſtard-brat within her doore. The good man ſeeing his wife in her majeſtie with her mace in her hand, thought it was time to bow, for feare of blowes, and deſired her to be quiet, for there was no ſuch matter: but if ſhee could hold her peace they were made for ever. And with that he told her the whole matter: how he had found the child in a little boat, without any ſuccour, wrapped in that coſtly mantle, and having that rich chaine about her necke: but at laſt when he ſhewed her the purſe full of gold, ſhee began to ſimper ſomewhat ſweetly. And taking her husband about his necke, kiſſed him after her homely faſhion: ſaying that ſhe hoped, God had ſeene their want, and now meant to relieve their poverty, and ſeeing they could get no children, had ſent them this little babe to be their heire. Take heed in any caſe (ſaith the ſhepherd) that you bee ſecret, and blab it not out when you meet with your Goſſips. For if you doe, wee are like not only to loſe the gold and jewels, but our other goods and lives. Tuſh (quoth his wife) preſt is a good hatch before the doore: Feare not, I have other things to talke of, then this, but I pray you let us lay up the money ſurely, and the jewels, leſt by any miſhap it be eſpied. After that they had ſet all things in order, the Shepherd went to his ſheepe with a merry note, and the good wife learned to ſing Lullaby at home with her young babe, wrapped it in a homely blanket, in ſtead of a rich mantle,

nouriſhing it ſo cleanly and careſully, as it began to be a ſolly Girle: in ſo much that they began both of them to be very fond of it, and as it waxed in age, ſo it increaſed in beautie. The Shepherd every night at his comming home, would ſing and dance it on his knee, and prattle, that in ſhort time it began to ſpeake, and call him Dadde, and her Mam. At laſt, when it grew to riper yeares, that it was about ſeven yeares old, the Shepherd left keeping of other mens ſheepe, and with the money he found in the purſe, hee bought him the Leaſe of a pretty Farme, and got a ſmall flocke of ſheepe: which when Fawnia (for ſo they named the child) came to the age of ten yeares, hee ſet her to keepe ſheepe, and ſhe with ſuch diligence perfourmed her charge, as the ſheepe proſpered marbellouſly under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had beene her father, and Mopſa her mother (for ſo was the Shepherd and his wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with ſuch reverence, that all the neighbours praiſed the dutifull obedience of the child. Porrus grew in ſhort time to be a man of ſome wealth and credit. For Fortune ſo favoured him, in having no charge but Fawnia, that hee began to purchaſe Land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter: So that divers rich Farmers ſonnes came as wooers to his houſe. For Fawnia was ſomething cleanly attired, being of ſuch ſingular beauty and excellent wit, that who ſo ſaw her, would have thought ſhee had beene ſome heavenly Nymph, and not a mortall creature. In ſo much that when ſhee came to the age of ſixteene yeares, ſhee ſo increaſed with exquiſite perfection both of body and mind, as her naturall diſpoſition did bewray that ſhee was borne of ſome high parentage. But the people thinking ſhee was the daughter to the Shepherd Porrus, reſted only amazed at her beauty and wit. Yea, ſhee won ſuch favour and commendations in every mans eye, as her beauty was not only praiſed in the Countrey, but alſo ſpoken of in the Court. Yet ſuch was her ſubmiſſe modeſtie, that although her praiſe daily encreaſed, her mind was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled her ſelfe as became a countrey maid, and the daughter of a poore Shepherd. Every day ſhe went forth with her ſheep to the field, keeping them with ſuch care and diligence, as all men thought ſhe was very pain-

full,

full, defending her face from the heat of the Sunne with no other baile, but with a Garland made of boughs and flowers. Which attire became her ſo gallantly, as ſhe ſeemed to be the goddeſſe Flora her ſelfe for beauty. Fortune who all this while had ſhewed a friendly face, began now to turn her back, and to ſhew a lowring countenance; intending as ſhee had given Fawnia a ſlender check, ſo ſhee would give her a harder mate. To bring which to paſſe, ſhe laid her traine on this wiſe: Egiſtus had but one only ſonne called Doraſtus about the age of twenty yeeres: a Prince ſo decked and adorned with the gifts of Nature, ſo fraught with beauty and vertuous qualities, as not only his father joyed to have ſo good a ſonne, but his Commons rejoyced that God had ſent them ſo noble a Prince to ſucceed in the Kingdom. Egiſtus, placing all his joy in the perfection of his ſonne (ſeeing that hee was now marriageable) ſent Ambaſſadours to the King of Denmark, to intreat a marriage betwéen him and his daughter. Who willingly conſenting, made anſwer, that the next Spring, if it pleaſed Egiſtus with his ſon to come into Denmark, he doubted not, but they ſhould agrée upon reaſonable conditions. Egiſtus reſting ſatisfied with this friendly anſwer, thought convenient in the mean time to break it unto his ſon. Finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, hee ſpake to him in theſe fatherly termes.

DOraſtus, thy youth warneth me to prevent the worſt, and mine age to provide the beſt: Opportunities neglected, are ſignes of folly: actions meaſured by time, are ſeldome bitten with repentance. Thou art young, and I old; age hath taught me that, which thy youth cannot conceive.

I therefore will counſell thée as a Father, hoping thou wilt obey as a child. Thou ſeeſt my white haires are bloſſoms for the Grave; and thy freſh colours, fruit for Time and Fortune: ſo that it behoveth mée to think how to die; and for thee, to care how to live. My Crown I muſt leave by death, and thou enjoy my Kingdome by Succeſſion. Wherein, I hope, thy Vertue and prowéſſe ſhall bee ſuch, as though my Subjects want my perſon, yet ſhall ſée in thée my perfection. That

nothing either may faile to ſatisfie thy minde, or increaſe thy dignities: the onely care I have, is to ſee thee well married before I die, and thou become old.

Doraſtus (who from his infancy, delighted rather to die with Mars in the field, then to dally with Venus in the chamber) fearing to diſpleaſe his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reverend anſwer.

SIr, there is no greater bond then duty, nor no ſtricter Law then Nature: diſobedience in youth, is often galled with deſpite in age. The command of a father ought to bee a conſtraint to the child: ſo parents wills are lawes, ſo they paſſe not all lawes: may it pleaſe your grace therefore, to appoint whom I ſhall love: rather then by deniall I ſhould be appeached of diſobedience, I reſt content to love, though it bee the onely thing I hate.

Egiſtus hearing his ſonne to ſhie farre from the marke, began to be ſomewhat cholerick, and therefore made him this anſwer.

WHat Doraſtus, canſt thou not love? Commeth this cynicall paſſion of proud deſire, or pevish frowardneſſe? What, doſt thou think thy ſelfe too good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tell thee Doraſtus, there is nothing ſweeter then youth, nor ſwifter; decreaſing while it is increaſing. Time paſt with folly, may bee repented, but not recalled. If thou marry in age, thy wives freſh colours will breed in thee dead thoughts and ſuſpicion, and thy white haires her loathſomneſſe and ſorrow. For Venus affections are not fed with Kingdomes or treaſures, but with youthfull conceits, and ſweet amours. Vulcan was allotted to ſhake the tree, but Mars allowed to reap the fruit. Weeld (Doraſtus) to thy fathers perſwaſions, which may prevent thy perils. I have choſen thee a wife, faire by nature, Royall by birth, by vertues famous, learned by educations, and rich by poſſeſſions: ſo that it is hard to judge whether her bounty or fortune, her beauty or vertue, be of greater force: I meane (Doraſtus) Euphania, daughter and heire to the King of Denmarke.

Egiſtus

Egiſtus pauſing here awhile, looking when his ſonne ſhould make him anſwer: and ſeeing that he ſtood ſtill, as one in a trance, he took him up thus ſharply.

WEll (Doraſtus) take heed, the tree Alypa waſteth not with fire: but withereth with dew: that which loue nouriſheth not, periſheth with hate. If thou like Euphania, thou breedeſt my content, and in loving her thou ſhalt haue my loue; otherwiſe, thou ſhalt alwayes be a cauſe of very much diſcontent unto me; and with that he flung from his ſonne in a rage, leauing him a ſorrowfull man, in that he had by denyall diſpleaſed his Father: and halfe angry with himſelfe that he could not yéeld to that paſſion, whereto both reaſon and his Father perſwaded him. But ſée how fortune is plumed with times feathers, and how ſhe can minifter ſtrange cauſes, to bréed ſtrange effects.

It hapned not long after this, that there was a méeting of all the Farmers daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was alſo bidden as the Miſtreſſe of the Feaſt; who having attired her ſelfe, in her beſt garments, went among the reſt of her companions to a merry méeting: there ſpending the day in ſuch homely paſtime as Shephearde uſe. As the Euening grew on, and their ſport ceaſed, each taking their leaue of other: Fawnia deſiring one of her companions to beare her company, went home by the flock, to ſée if they were well folded. And as they returned, it fortuned that Doraſtus (who all that day had beene hawking, and killed ſtore of game) incountred by the way theſe two Maides, fearing that with Acteon he had ſeene Diana: for he thought ſuch exquiſite perfection could not be found in any mortall creature. As thus he ſtood in amaze, one of his Pages told him that the Maid with the garland on her head, was Fawnia, that fatre Shepheardeſſe, whoſe beauty was ſo much talked of in the Court. Doraſtus deſirous to ſée if nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as ſhe had decked her body with outward ſhape, began to queſtion with her, whoſe daughter ſhe was, of what age, and how ſhee had been trained up: Who anſwered him with ſuch modeſt reuerence and ſharpneſſe of wit, that Doraſtus thought her outward beauty was but a

counterfeit to darken her inward qualities: wondring how ſo courtly behaviour could be found in ſo ſimple a Cottage; and curſing Fortune, that had ſhadowed wit and beautie with ſuch hard Fortune. As thus he held her a long time with that, beauty ſeing him at diſcovert, thought not to loſe the vantage, but ſtruck him ſo deeply with an invenomed ſhaft, as hee wholly loſt his liberty, and became a ſlave to Love, which before contemned Love, glad to gaze upon a poor Shepheardeſſe, who before refuſed the offer of a rich Princeſſe. For the perfection of Fawnia had ſo fired his fancy, as he felt his minde greatly changed, and his affection altered; curſing Love, that had wrought ſuch a change, and blaming the baſeneſſe of his minde, that would make ſuch a choice. But thinking theſe were but paſſionate toyes that might be thruſt out at pleaſure; to avoid the Syren that enchanted him, he ſpurs his horſe, and bad his faire Shepheardeſſe farewell.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the Princely geſture of Doraſtus) ſeing his face ſo well featured, and each limb ſo perfectly framed, began greatly to praiſe his perfection, commending him ſo long, till ſhe found her ſelfe faulty; and perceived that if ſhe waded but a little further, ſhee might ſlip over the ſhoes. She therefore ſeeking to quench that fire which never was put out, went home, and fayning her ſelfe not well at eaſe, got her to bed; where caſting a thouſand thoughts in her head, ſhe could take no reſt; for if ſhe had waked, ſhe began to call to mind his beauty; and thinking to beguile ſuch thoughts with ſleep, ſhe then dreamed of his perfection. Peſtered with theſe unacquainted paſſions, ſhe paſſed the night as ſhe could in ſhort ſlumbers.

Doraſtus (who all this while rode with a flea in his eare) could not by any meanes forget the ſweet ſavour of Fawnia, but reſted ſo bewitched with her wit and beauty, as he could take no reſt. He felt fancie to give the aſſault, and his wounded minde ready to yeeld as banquiſhed; yet hee began with divers conſiderations to ſuppreſſe his frantick affection, calling to minde, that Fawnia was a Shepheardeſſe, one not worthy to be looked at of a Prince; much leſſe to be loved of ſuch a Potentate; thinking what a diſcredit it were to himſelfe, and what a

griefe

griefe it would be to his Father: blaming fortune, and accuſing his own folly, that ſhould be ſo fond as but once to caſt a glance at ſuch a country ſlut. And as thus he was raging againſt himſelfe, Love (fearing if ſhe dallied long, to looſe her Champion) crept more nigh, and gave him ſuch a freſh wound, as it pierſt him at the heart that he was faine to yeld maugre his face, and to forſake the company, and get him to his chamber, where being ſolemnly ſet, he burſt into theſe paſſionate termes:

Ah Doraſtus, art thou alone? No not alone, while thou art tyred with theſe unacquainted paſſions. Yeld to fancy thou canſt not by thy Fathers counſell; but in a frenzy thou art, by juſt deſtinies. Thy Father were content, if thou couldeſt love; and thou therefore diſcontent, becauſe thou doſt love. O divine Love, feare of men, becauſe honoured of gods: not to be ſuppreſſed by wiſdome, becauſe not to be comprehended by reaſon; without law, and therefore above law.

How then Doraſtus? why doſt thou blaze that with praiſes which thou haſt cauſe to blaſpheme with curſes? Yet why ſhould they curſe love, which are in love?

Bluſh Doraſtus at thy Fortune, thy choyce, thy love: thy thoughts cannot be uttered without ſhame, nor thy affections without diſcredit. Ah Fawnia, ſweet Fawnia, thy beauty Fawnia.

Shameſt not thou Doraſtus, to name one unfit for thy birth, thy Dignities, thy Kingdomes? Die Doraſtus, Doraſtus die: Better hadſt thou periſh with high deſires, then live in baſe thoughts. Yea, but beauty muſt be obeyed, becauſe it is beauty: yet framed of the gods to feed the eye, not to fetter the heart.

Ah but he that ſtriveth againſt love, ſweateth with them of Scyrum againſt the wind, and with the Cockatrice pecketh againſt the ſteele. I will therefore obey, becauſe I muſt obey: Fawnia yea Fawnia ſhall be my fortune, in ſpite of fortune: The gods above diſdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Iupiter, Iö; and why not I then Fawnia? one ſomething inferiour to theſe in birth, but farre ſuperiour to them in beauty; born to be a Shepheardeſſe, but worthy to be a goddeſſe.

Ah

Ah, Doraſtus, wilt thou forget thy ſelfe, as to ſuffer affection to ſuppreſſe wiſdome, and love violate thine honour? How ſowre will thy choiſe be to thy father, ſorrowfull to thy ſubjects, to thy friends a griefe, moſt gladſome to thy foes? Subdue then thy affection, and ceaſe to love her whom thou couldeſt not love, unleſſe blinded with too much love? Muſh, I talk to the wind, and in ſeeking to prevent the cauſes, I further the effects, I will yet praiſe Fawnia, honour, yes, and love Fawnia, and at this day follow content, not counſell. Doe Doraſtus, thou canſt repent; and with that his Page came into the chamber: whereupon hee ceaſed from complaints, hoping that time would weare out that which fortune had wrought. As thus he was pained, ſo poore Fawnia was diverſly perplexed. For the next morning getting up very early, ſhe went to her ſheep, thinking with hard labours to paſſe away her new conceived amours, beginning very buſily to drive them to the field, and then to ſhift the folds. At laſt, wearied with toyle, ſhe ſate her downe, where (poore ſoule) ſhe was more tyred with fond affection. For love began to aſſault her, inſomuch that as ſhe ſate upon the ſide of a hill, ſhe began to accuſe her own folly in theſe termes.

I Unfortunate Fawnia, And therefore infortunate, becauſe Fawnia, thy Shepheards hook ſheweth thy poore eſtate; thy proud deſires, and aſpiring mind, the one declareth thy want, the other thy pride. No baſtard Hawke muſt ſore ſo high as the Hobby, no foule gaze againſt the Sun but the Eagle: Actions wrought againſt nature, reap diſpute, and thoughts above fortune, diſdaine.

Fawnia thou art a Shepheardeſſe, daughter to poore Porrus: if thou reſt content with this, thou art like to ſtand; if thou climbe, thou art like to fall. The herb Anica growing higher then ſix inches, becommeth a weed. Nilus flowing more then twelve cubits, procureth a dearth. Daring affections that paſſe meaſure are cut ſhort by time or fortune. Suppreſſe then Fawnia thoſe thoughts which thou mayeſt ſhame to expreſſe. But ah, Fawnia, Love is a Lord, who will command by power, and conſtraine by force.

Doraſtus

Doraſtus, ah Doraſtus is the man I love: the worſe is thy hap, and the leſſe cauſe haſt thou to hope. Will Eagles catch at flyes? Will Cedars ſtoope at brambles? Or mighty Princes looke at ſuch homely Truls? No, no, thinke this, Doraſtus diſdaine is greater then thy deſire. Hee is a Prince, reſpecting his honour: Thou a beggars brat forgetting thy calling. Ceaſe then not only to ſay, but to thinke to love Doraſtus; and diſſemble thy love Fawnia. For better it were to die with griefe, then to live with ſhame. Yet in deſpite of love, I will ſigh to ſee if I can ſigh out love. Fawnia ſomewhat appeaſing her griefes with theſe pithy perſwaſions, began after her wonted manner to walke about her sheepe, and to keepe them from straying into the Corne, ſuppreſſing her affection with the due conſideration of her baſe eſtate, and with impoſſibilities of her love, thinking it were frenzie (not fancie) to covet that which the very deſtinies deny her to obtaine.

But Doraſtus was more impatient in his paſſions: for love ſo fiercely aſſailed him, that neither company, nor Muſicke could mitigate his martyrdome: but the rather farre the more increaſe the malady. Shame would not let him crave counſell in this caſe: nor feare of his fathers diſpleaſure, reveale it to any ſecret friend: but he was faine to make a ſecretary of himſelfe; and to participate his thoughts with his owne troubled mind. Lingring thus a while in doubtfull ſuſpence, at laſt ſtealing ſecretly from the Court without either man or Page, hee went to ſee if he could eſpie Fawnia, walking abroad in the field. But as one having a great deale more skill to retrive the Partridge with the Spaniels, then to hunt after ſuch a ſtrange prey, hee ſought, but was little the better. Which croſſe-luche drave him into a great choller, that hee began both to accuſe Love and Fortune: But as hee was readie to retire, hee ſaw Fawnia ſitting all alone under the ſide of an hill, making a garland of ſuch homely flowers as the fields did afford: This ſight ſo revived his ſpirits, that he drew nigh, with more indgement to make a view of her ſingular perfection: which hee found to be ſuch, as in that Countrey attire ſhee ſtained all the Courtly Dames of Sicilia. While thus he ſtood gazing with piercing looks on her ſurpaſſing beauty, Fawnia caſt her eye aſide, and eſpyed

eſpied Doraſtus. Which ſudden ſight made the poore girle to bluſh, and to dye her chriſtall chéekes with the vermilion red: which gave her ſuch a grace, as ſhee ſeemed far more beautifull: and with that ſhee roſe up, ſaluting the Prince with ſuch modeſt courteſies, as he wondred how a countrey maid could afford ſuch comely behaviour. Doraſtus repaying her courteſie with a ſmiling countenance, began to parle with her on this manner:

FAire maid (quoth he) either your want is great, or a Shepherds life is very ſweet, that your delight is in ſuch countrey labours. I cannot conceive what pleaſure you ſhould take, unleſſe you meane to imitate the Nymphs, being your ſelfe ſo like a Nymph. To put me out of this doubt, ſhew me what is to be commended in a Shepherds life, and what pleaſures you have to countervaile theſe drudging labours. Fawnia, with bluſhing face, made him this anſwer,

SIr, what richer ſtate then content? or what ſweéter life then quiet? We Shepherds are not borne to honour, nor beholding unto beauty: the leſſe care we have to feare Fame or Fortune. We count our attire brave enough, if warme enough, and our food dainty, if to ſuffice nature: our greateſt enemy is the Wolfe; our only care in ſafe kéeping our flocke: in ſtead of Courtly Ditties, we ſpend the dayes with Countrey ſongs: our amorous conceits are homely thoughts, delighting as much to talke of Pan and his countrey pranks, as Ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton toyes. Our toile is in chiſſing our Folds and looking to the Lambs, eaſie labours, of ſitting and telling tales; homely pleaſures: our greateſt wealth not to covet: our honour, not to climbe: our quiet, not to care. Envie looketh not ſo low as Shepherds; Shepherds gaze not ſo high as ambition: we are rich, in that we are poore with content: and proud only in this, that we have no cauſe to be proud.

THis witty anſwer of Fawnia, ſo inflamed Doraſtus fancie, that he commending himſelfe for making ſo good a choyſe: thinking, if her birth were anſwerable to her wit and beautie,

that

that ſhe were a fit mate for the moſt famous Prince in the world. Hee therefore began to fiſt her more narrowly on this manner:

FAwnia, I ſée thou art content with countrey labours, becauſe thou knoweſt not courtly pleaſures: I commend thy wit, and pity thy want. But wilt thou leave thy Fathers Cottage, and ſerve a Courtly Miſtreſſe?

Sir (quoth ſhe) beggers ought not to ſtrive againſt fortune, nor to gaze againſt honour, leſt either their fall be greater, or they become blind. I am borne to toyle for the Court, not in the Court; my nature unfit for their nature: better live in meane degrée, then in high diſdaine.

Well ſaid Fawnia (quoth Doraſtus) I gueſſe at thy thoughts, thou art in love with ſome countrey Shepheard.

No ſir (quoth ſhe) Shepheards cannot love, that are ſo ſimple, and Maids may not love, that are ſo young.

May therefore (quoth Doraſtus) Maids muſt love becauſe they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with freſh colours.

I grant (ſaid ſhe) age may be painted with new ſhadowes, and youth may have imperfect affections: but, what art concealeth in one, ignorance rebealeth in another. Doraſtus ſéeing Fawnia hold him ſo hard, thought it was vaine ſo long to beat about the buſh: therefore he thought to have given her a freſh charge; but hee was ſo prevented by certaine of his men, who miſſing their Maſter, came poſting to ſéek him, ſéeing that he was gone forth all alone; yet before they drew ſo nigh, that they might hear their talk, he uſed theſe ſpeeches:

Why, Fawnia, perhaps I love thée, and then thou muſt néeds yéild; for thou knoweſt I can command and conſtrain. Tuſh Sir (quoth ſhe) but not to love, for conſtrained love is force, not love. And knew this Sir, mine honeſty is ſuch, as I had rather die, then be a Concubine, even unto a King; and my birth is ſo baſe, as I am unfit to be a wife unto a poore Farmer. Why then (quoth he) thou canſt not love Doraſtus. Yes, ſaith Fawnia, when Doraſtus becomes a Shepheard. And with that, the preſence of his men broke off their parle, ſo that hée went

with them to the Palace, and left Fawnia, sitting still on the hill side; who seeing that the night drew on, shifted her Folds and busied her selfe about other worke, to drive away such fond fancies as began to trouble her braine. But all this could not prevaile; for the beauty of Doraſtus had made such a deep impression in her heart as could not be worn out without cracking, so she was faine to blame her own folly in this wise:

Ah Fawnia, why dost thou gaze against the Sunne, or catch at the winde? Starres are to be looked at with the eye, not reached at with the hand: thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires: falls come not by sitting low, but by climing too high. What then, shall all feare to fall, because some hap to fall? No, luck commeth by Lot, and Fortune windeth those threeds which the destinies spin. Thou art favoured, Fawnia, of a Prince, and yet thou art so fond to reject desired favours. Thou hast denyall at thy tongues end, and desire at thy hearts bottome. A womans fault, to spurne at that with her foot, which shee greedily catcheth at with her hand. Thou lovest Doraſtus, Fawnia; and yet semest to lowre. Take heed, if he retire, thou wilt repent: for unlesse he love, thou canst but die. Die then Fawnia, for Doraſtus doth but jest. The Lion never preyeth on the Mouse: nor doe Faulcons stoop to dead stales. Sit downe then in this sorrow: cease to love and content thy selfe, that Doraſtus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. Heigh hoe: Ah fole, it were seemlier for thee to whistle as a Shepheard, then to sigh as a Lover: and with that she ceased from these perplexed passions, folding her sheep, and hying home to her poore Cottage. But such was the unconstant sorrow of Doraſtus, to think on the wit and beauty of Fawnia, and to see how fond he was, being a Prince, and how froward she was being a begger: that he began to lose his wonted appetite; to look pale and wan; in stead of mirth, hee fed on melancholy; for Courtly dances, to use cold dumps. Insomuch, that not only his own men, but his father, and all the Court began to marvell at his sodden change, thinking that some lingring sickneſſe had brought him into this state. Wherefore hee caused Physicians to come. But Doraſtus neither

would

would let them miniſter, nor ſo much as ſuffer them to ſée his urine: but remained ſtill ſo oppreſſed with theſe paſſions as hée feared in himſelfe a further inconvenience. His honour wiſhed him to ceaſe from ſuch folly: but love forced him more to follow fancy; yea, and in deſpite of honour, love won the conqueſt, ſo that his hot deſires cauſed him to finde new deviſes. For he preſently made himſelfe a Shepheards Coat, that hee might goe unknown, and with leſſe ſuſpicion, to prattle with Fawnia; and conveyed it ſecretly into a thick Grove, hard adjoyning unto the Palace: whither, finding fit time and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his Princely apparell, got on thoſe Shepheards robes, and taking a great hook in his hand (which he alſo had gotten) he went very anciently to find out the Miſtreſſe of his affection. But as he went by the way, ſeeing himſelfe clad in ſuch unſeemly rags, he began to ſmile at his own folly, and to reprove his fondneſſe in theſe termes:

WEll ſaid, Doraſtus, thou keepeſt a good decorum, baſe deſires, and homely attires; thy thoughts are fit for none but a Shepheard, and thy apparell ſuch only as becomes a Sepheard. A ſtrange change, from a Prince to a Peaſant. What, is it thy wretched fortune, or thy wilfull folly? Is it thy curſed Deſtinies, or thy crooked deſires that appoint thee this penance? Ah Doraſtus, thou canſt but love, and unleſſe thou love, thou art like to periſh for love. Yet, fond foole, chuſe flowers, not weeds: Diamonds, not Pebbles; Ladies, which may honour thee, not Shepheards, which may diſgrace thee. Venus is painted in ſilks, not in rags, and Cupid treadeth on diſdaine, when he reacheth at Dignity. And yet Doraſtus, ſhame not at thy Shepheards weed; the heavenly gods have ſometimes earthly thoughts: Neptune became a Ram: Iupiter a Bull: Apollo a Sepheard: they gods, and yet in love: and thou a man appointed to love.

Deviſing thus with himſelfe, hee drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her ſheep: who caſting her eye aſide, and ſeeing ſuch a mannerly Shepheard, perfectly limmed and comming with ſo good a pace, ſhee began halfe to forget

Doraſtus, and to favour her pretty Shepheard, whom ſhe thought ſhe might both love and obtaine. But as ſhe was in theſe thoughts ſhe perceived then it was the young Prince Doraſtus; wherefore ſhe roſe up, and reverendly ſaluted him. Doraſtus taking her by the hand, repayed her courteſie with a ſweet kiſſe, and praying her to ſit down by him, he began thus, to lay the battery.

IF thou marvell, Fawnia at my ſtrange attire, thou wouldeſt more muſe at my unaccuſtomed thoughts: the one diſgraceth but my outward ſhape; the other diſturbeth my inward ſenſes: I love Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh, I cannot miſlike. Fawnia thou haſt promiſed to love, and I hope thou wilt performe no leſſe. I have fulfilled thy requeſt, and now thou canſt not but grant my deſire. Thou wert content to love Doraſtus, when hee ceaſt to be a Prince, and became a Shepheard: and ſee I have made a change, and therefore not to miſſe of my choyce.

TRuth, quoth Fawnia; But all that weare Cawles, are not Monkes. Painted Eagles are pictures, not Eagles: Zeuxis Grapes were like Grapes, yet ſhadowes; rich cloathing make not Princes, nor homely attire beggers: Shepheards are not called Shepheards, becauſe they weare hooks and bags, but they are borne poore, and live to keep ſhæp: ſo this attire hath not made Doraſtus a Shepheard, but to ſeem like a Shepheard.

WEll Fawnia, anſwered Doraſtus, were I a Shepheard I could not but like thee; being a Prince, I am forced to love thee. Take heed Fawnia, bee not proud of beauties painting; for it is a flower that fadeth in the bloſſome. Thoſe which diſdaine in youth, are deſpiſed in age. Beauties ſhadowes are tricht up with times colours, which being ſet to dry in the Sunne, are ſtained with the Sunne, ſcarce pleaſing the ſight; yet they begin not to be worthy the ſight: not much unlike the herb Ephimeron, which flouriſheth in the morning, and is withered before the Sunne ſetting. If my deſire were

againſt

againſt love thou mighteſt juſtly deny me by reaſon; but I love thee Fawnia not to miſuſe thee as a Concubine, but to uſe thee as my wife; I can promiſe no more, and meane to performe no leſſe.

Fawnia hearing this ſolemn proteſtation of Doraſtus, could no longer withſtand the aſſault, but yelded up the fort, in theſe friendly termes:

AY, Doraſtus, I ſhame to expreſſe that thou forceſt me with thy ſugred ſpeech to confeſſe: my baſe birth cauſeth the one, and thy high dignities the other. Beggers thoughts ought not to reach as farre as Kings, and yet my deſires reach as high as Princes. I dare not ſay, Doraſtus, I love thee, becauſe I am a Shepheardeſſe: but the gods know, I have honoured Doraſtus (pardon if I ſay amiſſe) yea, and loved Doraſtus, with ſuch dutifull affection, as Fawnia can perform, or Doraſtus deſire; I yeld, not overcome with prayers but with love: reſting Doraſtus hand-maid, ready to obey his will, if no prejudice at all to his honour, nor my credit.

DOraſtus hearing this friendly concluſion of Fawnia, embraced her in his arms, ſwearing that neither diſtance, time, nor adverſe fortune, ſhould diminiſh his affection: but that in deſpite of the deſtinies hee would remaine faithfull to death. Having thus plight their troth each to other, ſeeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sicilia, for that Egiſtus conſent would never bee granted to ſo meane a match: Doraſtus determined, as ſoone as time and opportunity would give him leave, to provide a great maſſe of money, and many rich and coſtly Jewels, for the eaſier carriage; and then to tranſport themſelves and their Treaſure into Italy, where they ſhould lead a contented life, untill ſuch time as either hee could bee reconciled to his Father, or elſe by ſucceſſion come to the Kingdome. This deviſe was greatly praiſed of Fawnia: for ſhee feared, if the King his Father ſhould but hear of the contract, that his fury would be ſuch, as no leſſe then death ſhould ſtand for payment. Shee therefore told him that delay bred danger: that many miſhaps did fall out betweene the

Cup

Cup and lip; and that to avoid danger, it were beſt with as much ſpeed as might bee, to paſſe out of Sicilia, leſt fortune might prevent their patience with ſome new deſpite. Doraſtus, whom love pricked forward with deſire, promiſed to diſpatch his affairs with as great haſte, as either time or opportunity would give him leave: and ſo reſting upon this point after many embracings and ſweet kiſſes, they departed. Doraſtus, having taken his leave of his beſt beloved Fawnia, went to the Grove where he had his rich apparell, and there uncaſing himſelfe as ſecretly as might be, hiding up his Shepheards attire, till occaſion ſhould ſerve againe to uſe it, hee went to the Palace, ſhewing by his merry countenance that either the ſtate of his body was amended, or the cauſe of his mind greatly addreſſed. Fawnia, poore ſoule, was no leſſe joyfull, that being a Shepheardeſſe, fortune had favoured her ſo, as to reward her with the love of a Prince: hoping in time to be advanced from the daughter of a poore Farmer, to be wife to a rich King. So that ſhe thought every houre a yeare, till by their departure they might prevent danger; not ceaſing ſtill to goe every day to her ſheep; not ſo much for the care of the flock, as for the deſire ſhe had to ſee her Love and Lord, Doraſtus: who oftentimes, when opportunity would ſerve, repaired thither to feed his fancy with the ſweet content of Fawnia's preſence. And although hee never went to viſite her, but in theſe old Shepheards rags, yet his oft repaire made him not only ſuſpected, but known to divers of their neighbours; who for the good will they bare to old Porrus, told him ſecretly of the matter, wiſhing him to keep his daughter at home, leſt ſhee went ſo long to the field, that ſhe brought him home a young ſonne. For they feared that Fawnia being ſo beautifull, the young Prince would allure her to folly. Porrus was ſtricken in a dump at theſe newes, ſo that thanking his neighbours for their good will, hee hyred him home to his wife; and calling her aſide, wringing his hands, and ſhedding forth teares, he brake the matter to her in theſe termes:

I Am afraid, wife, that my daughter Fawnia hath made her ſelfe to ſhine, that ſhe will buy repentance too deare. I have

newes

newes, which if they be true, some will wish they had not proved true. It is told me by my neighbours, that Doraſtus the Kings sonne, begins to looke at our daughter Fawnia: which if it be so, I will not give her a halfe-peny for her honesty at the yeares end. I tell thee, wife, now adayes beautie is a great stale to trap young men, and faire words and sweet promises are two great enemies to maids honestie: and thou knowest, where the poore intreat and cannot obtaine, there, Princes may command, and will obtaine. Though Kings Sonnes dance in nets, they may not be seene: yet poore mens faults are espyed at a little hole. Well, it is a hard case where Kings lusts are lawes, and that they should bind poore men to that which they themselves wilfully breake.

Peace, husband (quoth his wife) take heed what wee say: Speake no more then you should, lest you heare what you would not. Great Creames are to be stopped by sleight, not by force: and Princes to bee perswaded by submission, not by rigour. Doe what you can, but no more then you may, lest in saving Fawnia's maiden-head, you lose your owne head. Take heed, I say, it is ill jesting with edged tooles, and bad sporting with Kings. The Wolfe had his skin pulled over his eares, for but looking into the Lions den.

Tush wife (quoth he) thou speakest like a foole: If the King should know that Doraſtus had gotten our daughter with child (as I feare it will fall out little better) the Kings fury would be such, as no doubt we should both lose our goods and lives: necessity therefore hath no law, and I will prevent this mischiefe with a new device that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the King, nor displease Doraſtus. I meane to take the chaine and the Jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carry them to the King, letting him then to understand, how shee is none of my daughter, but that I found her beaten up with the water alone in a little boat, wrapped in a rich mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By which meanes, I hope the King will take Fawnia into his service, and we, whatsoever chance, shall be blamelesse. This devise pleased the good wife very well, so that they determined as soone as they might know the King at leasure, to make him privie to this case.

In the meane time, Doraſtus was not ſlacke in his affairs, but applyed his matters with ſuch diligence, that he prouided all things fit for their journey. Treaſures and Iewels he had gotten great ſtore, thinking there was no better friend then money in a ſtrange Countrey. Rich attire he had prouided for Fawnia, and becauſe he could not bring the matter to paſſe without the helpe and aduice of ſome one, he made an old ſeruant of his called Capnio, who had ſerued him from his child-hood, priuie to his affaires: who, ſeeing no perſwaſions could preuaile to diuert him from his ſetled determination, gaue his conſent, and dealt ſo ſecretly in the cauſe, that within ſhort ſpace he had gotten a ſhip made for their paſſage. The Marriners ſeeing a fit gale of wind for their purpoſe, wiſhed Capnio to make no delayes, leſt if they pretermitted this good weather, they might ſtay long ere they had ſuch a fair wind. Capnio fearing that his negligence ſhould hinder their journey, in the night-time conueyed the truncks full of treaſure into the ſhip, and by ſecret meanes let Fawnia vnderſtand, that the next morning they meant to depart. She vpon theſe newes ſlept very little that night, but got her vp very early, and went to her ſheepe, loking every minute when ſhe ſhould ſee Doraſtus: who tarried not long, for feare delay might breed danger: but came as faſt as he could gallop, and without any great circumſtance toke Fawnia vp behind him, and rode to the hauen where the ſhip lay, which was three quarters of a mile diſtant from that place. He no ſooner came there, but the Marriners were readie with their cock-boat to ſet them aboord: where being couch't together in a Cabbin, they paſt away the time in recounting their old loues till their man Capnio could come.

Porrus, who had heard that this morning the King would goe abroad to take the aire, called in haſte to his wife, to bring him his holy-day hoſe, and his beſt Iacket, that hee might goe like an honeſt ſubſtantiall man to tell his tale. His wife a good cleanly wench, brought him all things fit, and ſpunged him vp very handſomely, giuing him a chaine and the Iewels in a little box, which Porrus for the more ſafetie put in his boſome. Hauing thus his trinckets in a readineſſe, taking his ſtaffe in his hand, hee bade his wife kiſſe him for good lucke, and ſo he went

towards

towards the Palace. But as he was going, Fortune (who meant to shew him a little false play) prevented his purpose in this wise.

He met by chance in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could, with a little Coffer under his arm to the Ship, and spying Porrus, whom he knew to be Fawnia's Father going towards the Palace: being a wily fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him the way and asked him whither he was going so early in the morning.

Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of the Court) meaning simply, told him that the Kings sonne Doraſtus dealt hardly with him; for he had but one daughter, who was a little beautifull, and that his neighbours told him the young Prince had allured her to folly: he went therefore now to complaine to the King how greatly he was abused.

Capnio (who straight way knew the whole matter) began to sooth him in his talk, and said, that Doraſtus dealt not like a Prince, to spoyle any poore mans daughter in that sort; hee therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. But (quoth Capnio) you lose your labour in going to the Palace; for the King meanes this day to take the aire of the Sea, and to goe aboord of a ship that lyes in the haven: I am going before, you see, to provide all things in a readinesse: and if you will follow my counsell, turn back with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fit place, as you may speak to the King at your pleasure. Porrus giving credit to Capnio's smooth tales, gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly advice, and went with him to the haven, making all the way his complaint on Doraſtus; yet concealing secretly his chaine and the Jewels. As soone as they were come to the Sea side, the Marriners seeing Capnio, came to land with their cock boat; who still dissembling the matter, demanded of Porrus, if he would go see the Ship; who unwilling, and fearing the worst, because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brook the Sea, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio, seeing that by faire meanes he could not get him aboard, commanded the Marriners that by violence they should

carry him into the ſhip, who like ſturdy knaves hoiſted the poor Shepheards on their necks, and bearing him to the boat lanched from the land.

Porrus ſéeing himſelfe ſo cunningly betrayed, durſt not cry out, for he ſaw it would not prevail: but began to intreat Capnio, and the Marriners to be good to him and to pity his eſtate, he was but a poore man that lived by his labour: they laughing to ſée the Shepheard ſo afraid, made as much haſte as they could to fet him aboord. Porrus was no ſooner in the ſhip, but hée ſaw Doraſtus walking with Fawnia, yet he ſcarce knew her: for ſhe had attyred her ſelfe in rich apparell, which ſo encreaſed her beauty, that ſhe reſembled rather an Angell, then a creature.

Doraſtus and Fawnia, were halfe aſtonished to ſée the old Shepheard; marvelling greatly what wind had brought him thither; till Capnio told them all the whole diſcourſe: how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the King, if by policy he had not prevented him; and therefore now ſith he was aboord, for the avoiding of further danger, it were beſt to carry him into Italy.

Doraſtus, praiſed greatly his mans device, and allowed of his counſell: but Fawnia, (who ſtill feared Porrus as her Father) began to bluſh for ſhame, that by her means he ſhould either incurre danger or diſpleaſure.

The old Shepheard hearing this hard ſentence, that he ſhould on ſuch a ſudden be carried from his wife, his Countrey and kinſfolk, into a foraign land among ſtrangers, began with bitter tears to make his complaint, and on his knees to entreat Doraſtus, that pardoning his unadviſed folly, he would give him leave to goe home: ſwearing that he would kéep all things as ſecret as he could with. But theſe proteſtations could not prevaile, although Fawnia entreated Doraſtus very earneſtly: but the Marriners hoiſted their maine ſailes, weighed anchors, haled into the déep: where we leave them to the ſuccour of the wind and ſeas, and return to Egiſtus;

WHo having appointed this day to hunt in one of his forreſts, called for his ſonne Doraſtus, to goe ſport himſelfe

himſelfe, becauſe he ſaw that of late he began to lowre: but his men made anſwer that he was gone abroad none knew whither, except he were gone to the grove to walk all alone, as his cuſtome was every day.

The King willing to waken him out of his dump, ſent one of his men to goe ſeek him, but in vaine; for at the laſt he returned, but finde him he could not, ſo that the King went himſelfe to goe ſee the ſport; where paſſing away the day, returning at night from hunting, he asked for his ſon, but he could not bee heard of, which drave the King into a great choler; whereupon moſt of his Noble-men and other Courtiers poſted abroad to ſeek him, but they could not hear of him through all Sicilia: onely they miſſed Capnio his man, which againe made the King ſuſpect that he was not gone farre.

Two or three dayes being paſſed, and no newes heard of Doraſtus, Egiſtus being fearfull that hee was devoured with ſome wilde beaſts, and with that made out a great troop of men to goe ſeek him; who coaſted through all the Countrey and ſearched in every dangerous and ſecret place, untill at laſt they met with a Fiſher-man, that was ſitting in a little covert, hard by the Sea-ſide, mending his nets, when Doraſtus and Fawnia took ſhipping: who being examined if hee either knew or heard where the Kings ſonne was, without any ſecrecy at all, revealed the whole matter, how he was ſailed two dayes paſt, and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus, and his faire daughter Fawnia. This heavie newes was preſently carried to the King, who halfe dead for ſorrow, commanded Porrus wife to be ſent for: ſhe being come to the Palace after due examination, confeſſed that her neighbours had oft told her, that the Kings ſonne was too familiar with Fawnia her daughter: Whereupon her husband fearing the worſt, about two dayes paſt, (hearing the King ſhould goe a hunting) roſe early in the morning, and went to make his complaint, but ſince ſhe neither heard of him, nor ſaw him. Egiſtus perceiving the womans unfained ſimplicity, let her depart without incurring further diſpleaſure, conceiving ſuch ſecret griefe for his ſonnes wretcheſſe folly, that hee had ſo forgotten his honour and Parentage, by ſo baſe a choiſe to diſhonour his Father, and diſcredit

himſelfe, that with very care and thought, he fell into a quartain feaver; which was ſo unfit for his aged years and complection, that he became ſo weak, as the Phyſicians would grant him no life.

But his ſonne Doraſtus little regarded either Father, Countrey or Kingdome, in reſpect of his Lady Fawnia: for Fortune ſmiling on this young novice, ſent him ſo lucky a gaile of wind, for the ſpace of a day and a night, that the Marriners lay and ſlept upon the hatches: but on the next morning about the breake of the day, the aire began to overcaſt, the winds to riſe, the Seas to ſwell: yea, preſently there aroſe ſuch a fearfull tempeſt, as the Ship was in danger, to be ſwallowed up in every Sea: the maine Maſt with the violence of the wind, was thrown overboard, the Sailes were torn, the tackling rended a ſunder, the Storm raging ſtill ſo furiouſly, that poore Fawnia was almoſt dead for fear, but that ſhee was greatly comforted with the preſence of Doraſtus. The Tempeſt continued three dayes, all which time the Marriners every minute looked for death, and the aire was ſo darkned with Clouds, that the Maſter could not tell by the Compaſſe in what Coaſt they were. But upon the fourth day about ten of the clock, the wind began to ceaſe, the Sea to wax calm, and the ſky to be clear, and the Marriners deſcried the Coaſt of Bohemia, ſhooting off their Ordnance for joy, that they had eſcaped ſuch a fearfull Tempeſt.

Doraſtus hearing that they were arrived at ſome Harbour, ſweetly kiſſed Fawnia, and bade her be of good cheere. When they told him that the Port belonged to the chiefe City of Bohemia where Pandoſto kept his Court, Doraſtus began to bee ſad; knowing that his Father hated no man ſo much as Pandoſto, and that the King himſelfe had ſought ſecretly to betray Egiſtus: this conſidered hee was halfe afraid to goe on Land, but that Capnio counſelled him to change his name and his Countrey, untill ſuch time as they could get ſome other Barke to tranſport them into Italy: Doraſtus liking this device, made his caſe privie to the Marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their paines, and charging them to ſay, that he was a Gentleman of Trapolonia called Meleagrus. The Ship-men willing to ſhew what friendſhip they could to Doraſtus, promiſed to bee

as

as ſecret as they could, or he might with; and upon this, they landed in a little Village a mile diſtant from the City; where after they had reſted a day, thinking to make proviſion for their marriage, the fame of Fawnia's beauty was ſpread throughout all the City, ſo that it came to the eare of Pandoſto; who then being about the age of fifty, had notwithſtanding young and freſh affections; ſo that he deſired greatly to ſee Fawnia; and to bring this matter the better to paſſe, hearing they had but one man, and how they reſted at a very homely houſe, he cauſed them to be apprehended as Spies, and ſent twelve of his guard to take them; who being come to their lodging, told them the Kings meſſage. Doraſtus no whit diſmayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the Court (for they left Porrus to keep the ſtuffe,) who being admitted to the Kings preſence, Doraſtus and Fawnia with humble obeyſance ſaluted his Majeſty.

Pandoſto amazed at the ſingular perfection of Fawnia, ſtood halfe aſtoniſhed, viewing her beauty, ſo that hee almoſt forgot himſelfe what he had to doe: at laſt with ſtern countenance hee demanded their names, and of what countrey they were, and what cauſed them to land in Bohemia? Sir (quoth Doraſtus,) know that my name is Meleagrus a Knight, borne and brought up in Trapolonia, and this Gentlewomen, whom I meane to take to my wife, is an Italian borne in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cauſe I have ſo ſmall a traine with me, is, for that her friends unwilling to conſent, I intended ſecretly to convey her into Trapolonia, whither, I was ſayling, and by diſtreſſe of weather, I was driven into theſe Coaſts. Thus you have heard my name, my Countrey, and the cauſe of my Voyage. Pandoſto ſtarting from his ſeat as one in choler, made this rough Reply:

MEleagrus, I feare, this ſmooth tale hath but ſmall truth, and that thou covereſt a foule skin with faire paintings. No doubt, this Lady by her grace and beauty, is of higher degree more meet for a mighty Prince, then for a ſimple Knight: and thou like a perjured Traytor haſt bereft her of her Parents, to their preſent griefe, and her enſuing ſorrow; Till therefore

I

I have more of her Parentage, and of her calling, I will ſay you both here in Bohemia.

Doraſtus, in whom reſted nothing but Kingly valour, was not able to ſuffer the reproaches of Pandoſto, but that hée made him this anſwer:

IT is not méet for a King without due proofe, to appeach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon ſuſpicion to inferr beliefe; ſtrangers ought to be entertained with courteſie, not to be entreated with cruelty; leſt being forced by want to put up injuries, the gods revenge their cauſe with rigour.

Pandoſto hearing Doraſtus utter theſe words, commanded that he ſhould ſtraight be committed to priſon, untill ſuch time as they heard further of his pleaſure; but as for Fawnia, he charged that ſhe ſhould be entertained in the Court with ſuch courteſie as belonged to a ſtranger and her calling: the reſt of the ſhip-men put in the Dungeon.

Having thus ſo hardly handled the ſuppoſed Trapolonians, Pandoſto contrary to his aged yéares, began to be ſomewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, inſomuch that he could take no reſt, but call into his old head a thouſand new devices: at laſt he fell into theſe thoughts.

HOw art thou diſturbed (Pandoſto) with freſh affections and unfit fancies, wiſhing to poſſeſſe with an unwilling minde, and a hot deſire troubled with a cold diſdaine? Shall thy minds yéeld in age, to that thou haſt reſiſted in youth? Peace Pandoſto, blab not out that which thou mayſt be aſham'd to reveale to thy ſelfe. Ah, Fawnia is beautifull, and it is not for thine honour (fond foole) to name her that is thy captive, and another mans concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand, which my heart would faine refuſe: playing like the bird Ibis in Egypt, which hateth ſerpents, yet fæedeth on their egges.

Tuſh, hot deſires turn oftentimes to cold diſdaine: Love is brittle, where appetite, not reaſon bearers the ſway: Kings thoughts ought not to climbe ſo high as the heavens, but to look no lower then honour: better it is to peck at the ſtarres with the young Eagles, then to prey on dead carcaſſes with the

the Nature: it is more honourable for Pandoſto to dye by concealing love, then to enjoy ſuch unfit Love. Doth Pandoſto then love? Yea, whom: A Maid unknown, yea, and perhaps immodeſt, ſtragled out of her own Countrey; beautifull, but not therefore chaſt; comely in body, but perhaps crooked in minde. Ceaſe then Pandoſto, to look at Fawnia, much leſſe to love her; be not overtaken with a womans beauty, whoſe eyes are framed by Art to enamour; whoſe heart is framed by nature to inchant: whoſe falſe tears know their due time, and whoſe ſweet words pierce deeper then ſharp ſwords. Here ceaſt Pandoſto from his talke, but not from his love: for although he ſought by reaſon and wiſdome to ſuppreſſe this frantick affection, yet he could take no reſt. the beauty of Fawnia had made ſuch a deep impreſſion in his heart. But on a day walking abroad into a Park, which was hard adjoyning to his houſe, he ſent by one of his ſervants for Fawnia, unto whom he uttered theſe words:

FAwnia, I commend thy beauty and wit, and now pity thy diſtreſſe and want; but if thou wilt forſake Sir Meleagrus (whoſe poverty, though a Knight, is not able to maintaine an eſtate anſwerable to thy beauty) and yeeld thy conſent to Pandoſto, I will both increaſe thee with dignities and riches. No Sir, anſwered Fawnia, Meleagrus is a Knight that hath won me by love, and none but he ſhall weare me; this ſiniſter miſchance ſhall not diminiſh my affection, but rather increaſe my good will: think not, though your Grace hath impriſoned him without cauſe, that fear ſhall make me yeeld my conſent. I had rather be Meleagrus wife, and a begger, then live in plenty, and be Pandoſto's Concubine.

Pandoſto, hearing the aſſured anſwer of Fawnia, would notwithſtanding proſecute his ſuit to the uttermoſt; ſeeking with faire words and great promiſes to ſcale the fort of her chaſtity; ſwearing that if ſhee would grant to his deſire, Meleagrus ſhould not only be ſet at liberty, but honoured in the Court amongſt his Nobles. But theſe alluring baites could not inſtice her mind from the love of her new betroathed mate Meleagrus: which Pandoſto ſeeing, he let her alone for that time to conſider

more of the demand. Fawnia being alone by her ſelfe, began to fall into theſe meditations.

AH unfortunate Fawnia, thou ſeeſt, to deſire above fortune is to ſtrive above gods and fortune. Who gazeth at the Sun, weakneth his ſight; they which ſtare at the skie fall oft into deep pits: hadſt thou reſted content to have bin a ſhepheardeſſe, thou nedeſt not to have feared miſchance; better had it been for thee, by ſitting low, to have had quiet, then by climing high, to have fain into miſery. But alas, I feare not mine own danger but Doraſtus diſpleaſure. Ah ſweet Doraſtus, thou art a Prince, but now a priſoner by too much love, procuring thine own loſſe; hadeſt thou not loved Fawnia, thou hadſt bin fortunate. Shall I then bee falſe to him that hath forſaken Kingdomes for my cauſe? No, would my death might deliver him, ſo mine honour might be preſerved. With that fetching a deep ſigh, ſhee ceaſed from her complaints and went againe to the Palace, enjoying a liberty without content, and proffered pleaſure with ſmall joy. But poore Doraſtus lay all this while in cloſe priſon, being pinched with a hard reſtraint, and pained with the burthen of cold and heavie irons, ſorrowing ſometimes that his fond affection had procured him this miſhap, that by the diſobedience to his Parent, he had wrought his own deſpite: another while curſing the gods and Fortune, that they would croſſe him with ſinifter chance, uttering at laſt his paſſions with theſe words:

AH unfortunate wretch, born to miſhap, now thy folly hath his deſert: art thou not worthy for thy baſe minde, to have bad fortune? Could the deſtinies favour thee, which hath forgot thine honour and dignity? Will not the gods plague him with deſpite that paineth his Father with diſobedience? Oh gods, if any favour or juſtice be left, plague me, but favour poore Fawnia, and ſhrond her from the tyrannies of wretched Pandoſto; but let my death free her from miſhap, and then welcome death. Doraſtus pained with theſe heavie paſſions, ſorrowed and ſighed but in vaine; for which he uſed more patience.

But againe to Pandoſto, who broyling in the heat of unlawfull luſt, could take no reſt, but ſtill felt his minde diſquieted with

with his new love: ſo that his Nobles and Subjects marvelled greatly at his ſudden alteration, not being able to conjecture the cauſe of this his continued care. Pandoſto thinking every houre a yeare, till he had talked once againe with Fawnia, ſent for her ſecretly into his chamber: whither Fawnia though unwillingly comming, Pandoſto entertain'd her very courteouſly, uſing theſe familiar ſpeeches, which Fawnia anſwered as ſhortly in this wiſe.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia, are you become leſſe wilfull, and more wiſe, to prefer the love of a King, before the liking of a poore Knight? I think ere this you think it is better to be favoured of a King, then of a ſubject.

Fawnia.

Pandoſto, the body is ſubject to victories, but the mind is not to be ſubdued with conqueſt: honeſty is to be preferred before honour, and a dram of faith will weigh down a tun of gold. I have promiſed Meleagrus my love, and will perform no leſſe.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia, I know thou art not ſo unwiſe in thy choyce, as to refuſe the offer of a King, nor ſo ungratefull as to deſpiſe a good turne: thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou ſeeſt I intreat; my power is ſuch, that I may compell by force, and yet I ſue by prayers. Yeeld Fawnia thy love to him which burneth in thy love: Meleagrus ſhall bee ſet free, thy Countrey men diſcharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia.

I ſee Pandoſto, where luſt ruleth, it is a miſerable thing to be a virgin; but know this, that I will alwayes prefer fame before life, and rather chuſe death then diſhonour.

Pandoſto ſeeing that there was in Fawnia a determinate courage to love Meleagrus, and a reſolution without feare to hate him, flying away from her in a rage, hee ſware that if in ſhort time ſhe would not be won by reaſon, he would forget all courteſie, and compell her to grant by rigour. But theſe threatning words no whit diſmayed Fawnia; but that ſhe ſtill both

deſpited and deſpiſed Pandoſto. While thus theſe two lovers ſtrove, the one to winne love, the other to live in hate; Egiſtus heard certaine newes by Merchants of Bohemia, that his ſonne Doraſtus was impriſoned by Pandoſto: which made him feare greatly, that his ſonne ſhould be but hardly intreated: yet conſidering that Bellaria and he were cleared by the Oracle of Apollo, from the crime wherewith Pandoſto had unjuſtly charged them: hee thought beſt to ſend with all ſpæd to Pandoſto that hee ſhould ſet frée his ſonne Doraſtus, and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus. Finding this, by the advice of counſell, the ſpædieſt remedy to releaſe his ſonne, hee cauſed preſently two of his ſhips to be rigged, and thoroughly furniſhed with proviſion of men and victuals, and ſent divers of his Nobles Embaſſadours into Bohemia; who willing to obey the King, and receive the young Prince, made no delayes for feare of danger, but with as much ſpæd as might be, ſayled towards Bohemia; the wind and ſeas favoured them greatly, which made them hope of ſome good hap: for within three dayes they were landed: which Pandoſto no ſooner heard of their arrivall, but he in perſon went to mæt them, intreating them with ſuch ſumptuous and familiar courteſie, that they might well perceive how ſorry he was for the former injuries he had offered to their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amends. As Pandoſto made report to them how one Meleagrus a Knight of Trapolonia, was lately arrived with a Lady called Fawnia in his Land, comming very ſuſpitiouſly, accompanied only with one ſervant, and an old Shepheard: the Embaſſadours perceiving by the halfe, what the whole tale meant, and began to conjecture that was Doraſtus, who for feare to be knowne, had changed his name. But diſſembling the matter, they ſhortly arrived at the Court, where after they had bæne very ſolemnly and ſumptuouſly feaſted, the Noblemen of Sicilia being gathered together, they made report of their Embaſſage: where they certified Pandoſto, that Meleagrus was Sonne and Heir to the King Egiſtus; and that his name was Doraſtus: and how contrary to the Kings minde he had privily conveyed away that Fawnia, intending to marry her, being daughter to that poore Shepheard Porrus. Whereupon the

Kings

kings requeſt was, that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be murthered and put to death, and that his ſonne Doraſtus might be ſent home in ſafety. Pandoſto having attentively and with great marvell heard their Embaſſage, willing to reconcile himſelfe to Egiſtus, and to ſhew him how greatly he eſteemed his favour, although love and fancy forbad him to hurt Fawnia; yet in diſpite of love he determined to execute Egiſtus will without mercy, and therefore he preſently ſent for Doraſtus out of priſon: who marvelling at his unlooked for courteſie, found at his comming to the kings preſence, that which he leaſt doubted of, his Fathers Embaſſadors: who no ſooner ſaw him, but with great reverence they honoured him, and Pandoſto embracing Doraſtus, ſet him by him very lovingly in a chaire of ſtate. Doraſtus aſhamed that his folly was bewrayed, ſate a long time as one in amaze, till Pandoſto told him the ſumme of his Fathers Embaſſage: which he had no ſooner heard, but he was touched to the quick, for the cruell ſentence that was pronounced againſt Fawnia: but neither could his ſorrow nor perſwaſion prevaile: for Pandoſto commanded, that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, ſhould be brought to his preſence: who were no ſooner come, but Pandoſto having his former love turned into diſdainfull hate, began to rage againſt Fawnia in theſe termes:

THou diſdainfull vaſſall, thou curriſh kite, aſſigned by the Deſtinies to baſe fortune, and yet with an aſpiring minde gazing after honour: how durſt thou preſume, being a begger, to match with a Prince? by thy alluring looks to inchaunt the ſonne of a king, to leave his owne Countrey, to fulfill thy diſordinate luſts? O diſpitefull minde! A proud heart in a begger, is not unlike a great fire in a ſmall Cottage, which conſumeth not the houſe, but burneth it: aſſure thy ſelfe thou ſhalt dye: and thou old doting foole, whoſe folly hath been ſuch, as to ſuffer thy daughter to reach above thy fortune, look for no other meede, but the like puniſhment. But Capnio, thou which haſt betrayed the king, and haſt conſented to the unlawfull luſt of thy Lord and Maſter, I know not how juſtly I may plague thee: death is too eaſie a puniſhment for thy falſhood,

and to liue, (if not in extreame miſery) were not to ſhew the equity. I therefore award, that thou ſhalt haue thine eyes put out, and continually till thou dyeſt, grind in the Mill like a brute beaſt. The fear of death brought a ſorrowfull ſilence vpon Fawnia, and Capnio; but Porrus ſeeing no hope of life, burſt forth in theſe ſpeeches:

PAndoſto, and ye noble Embaſſadours of Sicilia, ſeeing without cauſe I am condemned to die, I am yet glad I haue opportunity to diſburden my conſcience before my death, I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more then is true; whereas I am accuſed that I haue been a ſupporter of Fawnia's pride and ſhe diſdained as a vile begger, ſo it is, that I am neither father vnto her, nor ſhe daughter vnto me.

For it ſo hapned, that I being a poore Shepheard in Sicilia, liuing by keeping other mens flocks, one of my ſheep ſtraying down to the ſea-ſide, as I went to ſeeke her, I ſaw a little boat driuen vpon the ſhoar, wherein I found a babe of ſix dayes old, wrapped in a mantle of ſcarlet, hauing about the neck this chaine; I pitying the child, and deſirous of the treaſure, carryed it home to my wife, who with great care nurſed it vp, and ſet it to keep ſheep. Here is the Chaine and Iewels, and this Fawnia is the child whom I found in the boat; what ſhe is, or of what Parentage I know not: but this I am aſſured, that ſhe is none of mine.

Pandoſto would ſcarce ſuffer him to tell out his tale, but that he required the time of the yeare, the manner of the boat, and other circumſtances: which when he found agreeing to his count, ſuddenly he leapt from his ſeat, and kiſſed, Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his teares, and crying, My daughter Fawnia, ah my ſweet Fawnia, I am thy Father Fawnia: this ſudden paſſion of the King drawe them all into amaze, eſpecially Fawnia and Doraſtus. But when the King had breathed himſelfe awhile in this new ioy, he rehearſed before the Embaſſadours the whole matter, and how he had entreated his wife Bellaria for Iealouſie, and that this was the child whom he ſent to float in the Seas.

Fawnia was not more ioyfull that ſhe had found ſuch a father,

then

then Doraſtus was glad he ſhould get ſuch a wife. The Embaſſadours rejoyced that their young Prince had made ſuch a choiſe: That thoſe Kingdomes which through enmity had long time been diſſevered, ſhould now through perpetuall amity be united and reconciled. The Citizens and ſubjects of Bohemia (hearing that the King had found againe his daughter, which was ſuppoſed dead, joyfull that there was an heire apparent to the Kingdom) made Bone-fires and ſhewes throughout all the City. The Courtiers and Knights appointed Juſts and Turnies, to ſignifie their willing minds in gratifying the Kings hap.

Eighteen dayes being paſt in theſe Princely ſports, Pandoſto willing to recompence old Porrus, of a Shepheard, made him a Knight; which done, providing a ſufficient Navie to receive him and his retinue, accompanied with Doraſtus and Fawnia, and the Sicilian Embaſſadours, he ſailed towards Sicilia, where he was moſt Princely entertained by Egiſtus: who hearing this Comicall event, rejoyced greatly at his ſonnes good hap, and without delay (to the perpetuall joy of the two young lovers) celebrated the marriage. Which was no ſooner ended, but Pandoſto (calling to minde how he firſt betrayed his friend Egiſtus, how his jealouſie was the cauſe of Bellaria's death, that contrary to the law of nature, he had luſted after his own daughter) moved with theſe deſperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholly fit, and to cloſe up the Comedy with a Tragicall ſtratagem, he ſlew himſelfe: whoſe death being many dayes bewailed of Fawnia, Doraſtus, and his deare friend Egiſtus; Doraſtus taking leave of his Father, went with his wife and the dead Corps into Bohemia; where after it was ſumptuouſly intombed, Doraſtus ended his dayes in contented quiet.

(* * *)

FINIS.